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THE CONVERSATIONS OF EMILY.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF EMILY.

Tranſlated from the French of

Madame la Comteſſe d'EPIGNY.

Inutileſque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inſerit. HORAT.

——— lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay. FRANCIS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MDCCLXXXVII.

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THE CONVERSATIONS OF EMILY.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF EMILY.

THIRTEENTH CONVERSATION.

MOTHER.

HOW now, *Emily!* are you ſo ſoon returned from walking?

EMILY.

Yes, Mamma.

MOTHER.

One would ſuppoſe, your walk had not afforded you much pleaſure. What is the matter with you?

EMILY.

Nothing, Mamma. You know I

am not fond of walking in the *Tuileries.*

MOTHER.

Do I know it! This is the firſt time you ever told me ſo.

EMILY.

I do not think I ſhall go there any more, unleſs you go with me. Oh! Mamma! give me our country walks. I have juſt found out, that I have a particular taſte for a country life; and that *Paris* is no longer pleaſing to me. The ſameneſs of the walks, the crowd, the number of idle and ſtaring people, who are at a loſs how to ſpend their time---

MOTHER.

Your reflections are ſomewhat ſevere, but truly philoſophical.

EMILY.

And what is ſtill worſe, they ſpend it in a manner diſagreeable to others.

MOTHER.

How diſagreeable to others?

EMILY.

You know well enough, Mamma; in finding fault with all they ſee---I think, with you, that it is very contemptible.

MOTHER.

What! did you again meet with the lady and her ſleeve-knots?

EMILY.

No, Mamma; but there was ſuch a confuſed noiſe as uniform as the walks; ſuch a ruſtling of ſilks; ſuch a continual and inſipid prating, that it makes one quite low-ſpirited, and which leaves the mind quite vacant.

MOTHER.

How! do you then make the mind of the party? I plainly ſee, my dear child, that you are going to adopt the faſhionable ſtyle.

EMILY.

It is enough to deſtroy me with *ennui*; I deteſt it: and when one is coming away---

MOTHER.

One returns in an ill-humour.

EMILY.

One meets with very impolite people, who know not how to behave themſelves.

MOTHER.

Who are they?

EMILY.

Only think, Mamma! that I ſhould meet at the gate two ladies and a gentle-

man coming in; and that in paſſing me, one of the ladies throwing her eyes careleſsly on me, ſhould ſay to the other, with great indifference, "She would be pretty enough, if ſhe were not ſo brown."

MOTHER.

So, ſo! you are indebted then to the meeting with theſe ladies for your great ſtock of philoſophy, and ſettled taſte for a country life?

EMILY.

What buſineſs was it of theirs? You muſt allow, Mamma, that their heads and hearts could be but badly furniſhed, to waſte their time in making ſuch kind of remarks. You were right to ſay, the other day, that perſons of a certain turn of mind, were above dwelling on the imperfections of others. I ſhould like to aſk thoſe ladies, who it was that commiſſioned them to obſerve, whether the little girls they meet were fair or brown.

MOTHER.

And I too, ſhould like to aſk them, what right they had to ſpoil my *Emily*'s walk, and diſparage the beautiful gardens of the *Tuileries*, which have already loſt much of their reputation, ſince the rage has prevailed of making *Engliſh*

gardens between four walls in the center of *Paris*.

EMILY.

What do you mean, Mamma? What diſparagement?

MOTHER.

Have they not made them appear odious in your eyes by their diſcourſe, and inſpired you with an averſion to walking in them.

EMILY.

There are people enough without me. Beſide, you ſee what it is to go to public places with one's Governeſs. It is ſo childiſh; and every one thinks they have a right to take liberties with one. If you had been with me, it would not have happened, my dear Mamma.

MOTHER.

And you would have returned much the fairer for it?

EMILY.

Nay, Mamma, we are what we are: we do not go to the *Tuileries* to hear ourſelves talked of; beſide, as Madam de *Verteuil* ſaid yeſterday, I do not know on what occaſion, "Truth is not to be ſpoken at all times."

MOTHER.

Is this truth then ſo very mortifying to you?

EMILY.

Methinks it is. Is it not very ugly to be brown?

MOTHER.

To be fair is certainly more pleaſing than to be brown; and to be brown is leſs pleaſing than to be fair; that is all the difference.

EMILY.

To be ſure, it was very neceſſary I ſhould meet thoſe ladies to know I was as brown as a gipſy.

MOTHER.

Did they carry the compariſon ſo far?

EMILY.

No, Mamma; but I immediately thought I looked juſt like one.

MOTHER.

Then probably you are fond of deep colours, and not of the faireſt intermediate ſhades?

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, I do not think I was either ſo brown or ſo ugly laſt year.

MOTHER.

I do not think you were; it is owing to your having been much expoſed to the

ſun and wind; you are a good deal tanned. Had I been in your place, I would have ſtopped the ladies, and ſaid to them, "Have patience ladies, it is only three days ſince I left the country. I will meet you here two or three months hence. When I ſhall have paſſed the winter in town, you will perhaps find my complexion cleared up, and changed for the better. However, if I be not very fair, you muſt acknowledge, I have a healthy look, and that is worth ſomething."

EMILY.

What, Mamma! does living in town improve the complexion?

MOTHER.

This diſcovery may perhaps a little reconcile you to *Paris*.

EMILY.

It will at leaſt make me ſome amends.

MOTHER.

And will enable you to wait for the ſummer ſeaſon with reſignation.

EMILY.

How ſorry I am I had not the ſenſe to have ſaid ſo to theſe ladies. I think they would have looked a little fooliſh, notwithſtanding their ſkill in judging of the

complexions of the company---However, if I had had the ſenſe, I ſhould not have had the courage; ſo it comes to the ſame thing.

MOTHER.

You might have ſaid ſtill better, and diſconcerted them ſtill more.

EMILY.

How, pray?

MOTHER.

" Know, ladies, that a fair ſkin, and beautiful features, are ſmall advantages, when compared to the qualities of the heart and underſtanding; that it is poſſible to poſſeſs every exterior grace, without being either amiable, eſtimable, happy, or reſpectable, or without deſerving to be ſo. If my complexion do not pleaſe you, it ſhall be my endeavour to deſerve your approbation, by more ſolid and laſting means, if you will ever condeſcend to take more particular notice of me, than in walking on the terrace of the *Tuileries*."

EMILY.

Ah! Mamma! what a fine ſpeech! I would give my whole month's allowance to have made it. What a delightful thing it is to have ſenſe, and to know

when to uſe it! Methinks I ſee the aſtoniſhment of the lady, when I ſhould have drawn her by the gown, and in a reſpectful manner made ſuch a ſpeech. I think ſhe would have caſt down her large black eyes, which ſhe caſt ſo careleſsly on me; as much as to ſay, "Whether you be fair or brown, it is all one to me."

MOTHER.

But I, who am not ſo indifferent about you, ſhould like to have one little circumſtance cleared up.

EMILY.

What circumſtance, my dear Mamma?

MOTHER.

Suppoſe another little brown girl had been walking on the terrace at the ſame time, and that the ladies remarking it, had ſaid what they did of you, I would know, whether it would have made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on you, or if you would have reſented it with ſuch indignation?

EMILY.

Doubt it not, my dear Mamma. I ſhould have ſeen in a moment, that the little girl, at her return, would have

been very unhappy. Have you not taught me to put myſelf in the place of others? I cannot bear to ſee people mortified in ſuch a manner; we ought to behave with reſpect to every one; beſide, you have opened my eyes, and taught me how to eſtimate ſuch ſlanderers.

MOTHER.

Come, come; I ſee you are diſpoſed to be a little ſevere, and that your morals will not err on the ſide of indulgence; we muſt be on our guard before you---But ſuppoſe thoſe ladies, inſtead of taking notice of your brown ſkin, had ſaid, "That child bids fair to be handſome in time?"

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! you have a mind to perplex me now---Why I ſhould have bluſhed and looked down.

MOTHER.

In that caſe, the walks of the *Tuileries* would not have appeared ſo diſagreeable to you?

EMILY.

Do you think ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Yet, to judge from a ſuperficial glance, without being at all intereſted, either for or againſt any one, is always judging at random.

EMILY.

That may be, Mamma; yet you muſt allow, that a flattering opinion does not appear ſo ill-founded, as that which gives us uneaſineſs.

MOTHER.

I ſuppoſe not; and I preſume, in that caſe, the ſeverity of your moral would be ſomewhat ſoftened in favour of thoſe who judge ſo ſuperficially, and at random.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, is it not one of your maxims, that we ſhould be ſevere toward ourſelves, and indulgent toward others?

MOTHER.

And I ſee you apply it in a moſt diſintereſted manner, and without any retroſpect to yourſelf.

EMILY.

How do you make that out, Mamma?

Do you think me partial, and that I have two weights and two meaſures as the Scriptures ſay?

MOTHER.

Acknowledge, at leaſt, that you are not wanting in indulgence toward thoſe, who, without even looking ſtedfaſtly at you, anſwer for it, that you will one day be handſome.

EMILY.

Nay, I believe my dear Mamma, ſuch a prediction never diſpleaſed any one.

MOTHER.

Beauty muſt certainly be the ſupreme happineſs of life; for young people to obtain it, would ſacrifice health, riches, and perhaps more eſſential advantages.

EMILY.

Supreme happineſs is perhaps ſaying a little too much; however, Mamma, it is a very great happineſs. I have heard you ſay, more than once, that it is a real advantage to anticipate the favour of others, by an intereſting or agreeable figure, by a pleaſing and ſeducing exterior.

MOTHER.

Yet I know not whether we ought to look on beauty as ſo very deſirable an advantage.

EMILY.

You have then taken a diſlike to it?

MOTHER.

I obſerve, in the firſt place, that no advantage is more fragile, frivolous, or fleeting, than, not to mention numerous accidents, a few years change every feature, deſtroy every charm, and efface even the remembrance of them. Do you think thoſe are very wiſe, or happy, who found their felicity on ſo tranſient a poſſeſſion?

EMILY.

Oh! that is a great misfortune to be ſure.

MOTHER.

I am of opinion, as it is ſo ſubject to ſpoil, fade, and vaniſh quite away, that thoſe are greatly to be pitied, who place their happineſs in it. They can know no enjoyment without alloy. They muſt look on the care of their beauty and dreſs, as the moſt important buſineſs of their lives; which will, in time, give a trifling, reſtleſs, jealous, envious, and melancholy turn to the mind.

EMILY.

What a frightful picture! But why envious?

MOTHER.

Becauſe, inſtead of enjoying the charm of beauty, and acknowledging it where-ever it appears, they envy its ſplendour and triumphs; they look upon it as a perſonal calamity befallen themſelves; they are perſuaded, that the applauſe beſtowed on beauty is at their expence; that it cannot receive the ſmalleſt homage, without depriving them of conqueſt; and then they become thoughtful and unhappy. To be unhappy at the beauty of another; what a degrading torment!

EMILY.

Yes; it is buying ſupreme happineſs ſomewhat dearly.

MOTHER.

This ſupreme happineſs is expoſed to ſtill greater and more alarming dangers.

EMILY.

Tell me quickly what they are, my dear Mamma, that I may be entirely diſguſted with it.

MOTHER.

Time will unfold them to us, my dear, as we advance in our career: in the mean time, let it ſuffice to remark to you, that it is poſſible to be perfectly happy without being handſome; and to be infinitely handſome without being happy.

EMILY.

But beauty is no obſtacle to happineſs.

MOTHER.

Say rather, that beauty and happineſs are not incompatible. It cannot be doubted, that a beautiful woman, in whom are united perſonal attractions, and mental charms, who conceals, under the veil of the graces, a noble, generous, elevated, and feeling heart; whoſe exterior charms give an additional luſtre to the virtues with which ſhe is adorned, muſt be the maſter-piece of nature. Yet all this being ſuppoſed, ſtill the mind muſt riſe ſuperior to the perſon. It wants not beauty to ſecure, according to its different qualities, either reſpect, veneration, admiration, eſteem, or love;

in a word, every kind of ſuffrage that mankind never beſtows on beauty alone. It muſt be allowed, that an eminent degree of beauty excites alſo our admiration; but that is a ſentiment ſtill more fleeting than its object. It is of ſuch ſhort duration, that it is often converted into contempt, when we perceive, that the beauty of the mind does not correſpond with the charms of the perſon.

EMILY.

It is now debaſed indeed.

MOTHER.

Therefore, I never could ſet any value on what is ſubject to ſo many viciſſitudes, and which alone, is inſufficient to our happineſs. I ſhould be much concerned for you, if you ſhould place yours on ſuch a baſis. For inſtance, would you wiſh, that the fear of being a little brown or tanned ſhould lay a reſtraint on your country diverſions; and before you ſet out for a walk, ſhould induce you to call a conſultation to determine whether the ſun be not too hot; whether there be not an appearance of rain; or if the wind whiſtle not too roughly in your face? Should that ever be your caſe, I ſhould exclaim, What a poor creature!

to ſacrifice her pleaſures, her amuſements, nay, ſtill more ſolid advantages, ſuch as health, for an uncertain good, ſhe hopes to procure by dint of affected delicacy.

EMILY.

One might juſt as well be put in a glaſs-caſe like a relic.

MOTHER.

Notwithſtanding, if you think proper, to bring you ſomewhat nearer to the ſtate of a relic, I will give you a gauze veil to cover your face, when you go a walking. It may indeed prevent your breathing the air freely; but in revenge, your complexion will be wonderfully preſerved, and no one will find fault with it whenever you ſhall walk on the *Teraſſe des Feuillants*.

EMILY.

No, no, no! my dear Mamma, I thank you for your veil; I am not yet a relic.

MOTHER.

Do not too haſtily refuſe it; it is worth ſome conſideration. If you diſdain it now, I ſhall not, in my turn, perhaps

be diſpoſed to make you an offer of it when you ſhall think proper.

EMILY.

No, no, Mamma! I ſhall never want one. I am only ſorry for one thing.

MOTHER.

What is it?

EMILY.

At my being vexed. I now think it was very ſilly. I believe, Mamma, the ſhorteſt way is not to think at all of one's perſon. If it be a good one, ſo much the better; if not, what can be done?

MOTHER.

It is the ſhorteſt way and the beſt. We ſhould conſider beauty in the ſame light we do thoſe capricious perſons, who, when they obſerve you annex any great importance to their acquaintance, withdraw themſelves with diſdain; and, on the contrary, are the firſt to make advances, if you appear to neglect, or treat them with indifference.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma! I am now determined to think no more of it.

MOTHER.

But to run after health---

EMILY.

And after wiſdom alſo.

MOTHER.

Very well. And perhaps beauty will begin to run after you.

EMILY.

If it ſhould take that fancy, I will ſuffer myſelf to be caught, ſhall I?

MOTHER.

Provided wiſdom and health are caught in their turn.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma! to have done with the capricious perſonage, will you lend me the book you had in your pocket, the laſt time we took a country ramble. You told me, it contained all the principles of morality.

MOTHER.

You ſhall read it in time.

EIMLY.

Pray, Mamma, give it me now. It will make me forget all the nonſenſe I heard at the *Tuileries*.

MOTHER.

Every thing in due ſeaſon. That book contains many paſſages above your comprehenſion.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, only one little paſſage to learn by heart. I am ſure this is an innocent curioſity, and you cannot blame it.

MOTHER.

I even think it laudable. But Mr. *Verteuil* carried the book you aſk for away with him yeſterday. When he returns it, you ſhall read a fragment of it; and you ſhall afterward make me an extract from it.

EMILY.

Fragment is as much as to ſay, chapter or portion, is it not? And pray, what is an extract?

MOTHER.

To make an extract, is to take the ſubſtance of any work; that is, the principal ideas, or what intereſts you the moſt, and to leave the remainder. Therefore, you ſhall tranſcribe from the book you mention, or the fragment you will read, all you can underſtand, or what pleaſes you the beſt; and you ſhall leave all you do not yet underſtand, or what does not particularly pleaſe you.

EMILY.

Yes, yes! I underſtand you. It is juſt a fortnight ſince you told me ſo, and that it was a work that would anſwer two purpoſes; becauſe you might judge by the extract, both of the underſtanding of the author, and of that of the perſon who makes the extract; and you ſaid, you would let me do it this winter; and you likewiſe, that is, each of us ſeparately, to ſee which would do it beſt.

MOTHER.

Is it exactly a fortnight ſince I ſaid ſo? You have really a wonderful memory!

EMILY.

That is, becauſe we talked of other matters; and one thing brings to mind another, you know, Mamma. It is like the links of a chain which are connected one with another, and whoever touches one, puts the whole in motion.

MOTHER.

So that from one to another (for we have here at leaſt half a dozen crouded

together in ſtrange diſorder) we have put a third in motion.

EMILY.

Becauſe it happened as we returned from *Noël*'s vintage.

MOTHER.

That was certainly one of the principal links of the chain.

EMILY.

Noël ſaid, "God be praiſed! we ſhall have a good ſeaſon:" and when we came away, he added, "You ſee, Miſs, how good your Mamma is, ſhe will not ſuffer me to leave my wine preſs to wait upon her, as is my duty." His children then conducted us back in proceſſion to the village; and ſo, when we turned off to go home, you told me, Mamma, that you would give me a fairy tale to read.

MOTHER.

Here we have a long ſeries of links indeed! But I was much to blame, my dear, to talk to you of faries, when I had ſo favourable an opportunity of intro-

ducing ancient fable, and of introducing *Bacchus*, the ſon of *Semele*, and old *Silenus*; and of drawing a parallel between him and our good neighbour, *Noël*, greatly to the advantage of the latter.

EMILY.

You would perhaps have found the right perſon to talk to, Mamma, on that ſubject. When my brothers and I walk out together, Mr. *Pauſton* explains a chapter in mythology to them, whenever they have given him ſatisfaction in regard to their leſſons in geometry; and my Governeſs and I reap the advantage without ſeeming to do it.

MOTHER.

Are theſe explications of mythology pretty frequent?

EMILY.

Yes, Mamma, very much ſo.

MOTHER.

I am glad of it; for it leads me to hope your brothers will be ſkilful geometricians.

EMILY.

Beſide, I do not always accompany them in their walks; and they know

many chapters which neither my Governeſs nor I could profit by.

MOTHER.

I ſhould indeed have been agreeably ſurpriſed, to have found I was talking of *Bacchus* and *Silenus* to one who could have underſtood me.

EMILY.

The fairy tale put the mythology out of your mind.

MOTHER.

I know not how the link of the fairy tale could be connected with that of the extract. Probably my links were not properly arranged that day.

EMILY.

Perhaps, Mamma, the vintage of *Noël* came in between them; that is, we talked of the extract in the morning, and of the fairy tale in the evening.

MOTHER.

You are right to ſay, that all your links are connected, and whoever touches one, moves the whole, eſpecially in a chain ſo unſteady as yours.

EMILY.

It was you, Mamma, who put all the links in motion.

MOTHER.

Am I to be charged with that too? It ſeems then I do many things without knowing it. As to the fairy tale, I remember my promiſe, and ſhall keep my word.

EMILY.

Nay, I believe you promiſed to write one on purpoſe for me.

MOTHER.

It pleaſes you to ſay ſo. But notwithſtanding my reſpect for your chain, I am very certain of the contrary.

EMILY.

Are you quite certain, Mamma?

MOTHER.

I could not promiſe to perform impoſſibilities.

EMILY.

How impoſſibilities?

MOTHER.

Imagination is requiſite to write a fairy tale, and I have none.

EMILY.

No to be ſure, you have not imagination enough; while my Governeſs invented as many as ever I could wiſh, when I was little. Come, come, you

are not fond of fairy tales. I recollect now you once told me ſo.

MOTHER.

Was it juſt a fortnight ſince I told you that alſo? The day we went to the vintage ſeems to have been a day of general confeſſion, as that on which you were at the *Tuileries* is become a day of general reminiſcence.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, why do you not like fairy tales? Are you not a little capricious?

MOTHER.

Perhaps I may. Who told you I was not ſo as well as another?

EMILY.

Well, but I dare ſay your caprice has always ſome motive or other.

MOTHER.

Then yours has none?

EMILY.

Perhaps it may, Mamma; but I cannot find it out.---

MOTHER.

Or perhaps you do not care to do it.

EMILY.

Ah! I know why you do not like fairy tales. I now recollect it. You ſaid, ſuch a mixture of folly and reaſon was diſpleaſing to you.

MOTHER.

What a memory! but if you know my reaſons, whether right or wrong, there is no occaſion to aſk them.

EMILY.

So then you do not approve of diverting books?

MOTHER.

I ſee very plainly, *Emily*, that if I let you go on, you will make me out to be a very conceited woman. I never excluſively condemned any writing.

EMILY.

Except it were of a fooliſh kind.

MOTHER.

Not even folly, if it be innocent. I have no deſire to quarrel with the poets.

EMILY.

Are poets fools then?

MOTHER.

All thoſe who write from the imagination are accuſed of being ſo, more or leſs.

They would be even ſorry not to deſerve that reputation; and they would think themſelves robbed of the fineſt laurel in their crown.

EMILY.

Is folly the firſt laurel in their crown?

MOTHER.

Not wholly ſo. They have only a malady in common with fools; but though the ſymptoms be the ſame, the cauſe is very different.

EMILY.

Then poetry and folly are two maladies of different kinds. What are the ſymptoms common to both?

MOTHER.

It is, that inſtead of governing the fancy as wiſe men do, it is evident they are governed by Fancy, which, in ſpite of themſelves, carries them where they did not intend to go.

EMILY.

That is not right methinks.

MOTHER.

It would be highly blamable in moral conduct; but the conduct of a work of imagination is a very different thing; and

thoſe whom nature has endowed with talents for ſuch productions, would be humbled greatly not to poſſeſs this grain---

EMILY.

Grain of folly, were you going to ſay?

MOTHER.

Which is called poetic rapture in perſons of genius.

EMILY.

Whom do you call perſons of genius?

MOTHER.

Poets, muſicians, ſculptors, and painters. Theſe perſons have all the ſame mother.

EMILY.

Who is called---

MOTHER.

Imagination.

EMILY.

And poetic rapture is perhaps the governeſs?

MOTHER.

Be it ſo.

EMILY.

And if this poetic rapture ſhould lead one of theſe children into fairy land, you are diſpleaſed.

MOTHER.

I am leſs a friend to that field than any other; becauſe I am of opinion, they are more likely to wander out of their way and loſe themſelves; and, certainly, if I do not combat even folly, I have the greater right to diſapprove extravagance. For my own part, being ſhort-ſighted, I would prefer a field bounded by morality and utility; and to let the fancy of men be exerciſed in imitating nature, which preſents them with exhauſtleſs riches, inſtead of plunging headlong into the land of chimeras and ſhadows; the treaſures of which are alſo immenſe, but inſipid and tireſome.

EMILY.

But if they are drawn into it by poetic raptures, in ſpite of themſelves?

MOTHER.

Since you had made a governeſs of it, you muſt recollect, that though her carriage be apparently unſtable, ſhe is not a perſon who acts without either rhyme or reaſon.

EMILY.

I underſtand you; ſhe has principles peculiar to herſelf.

MOTHER.

And if either ſhe or her children neglect them, I am not obliged to follow them through all the labyrinths into which they oftentimes plunge themſelves.

EMILY.

But if theſe labyrinths lead to reaſon?

MOTHER.

Is it not better to attain it by more direct paths? Do you, my dear child, find the road that leads to it either too dry or difficult? Or do you think it in itſelf of ſo unpleaſant an aſpect, that you cannot ſupport the ſight of it, unleſs concealed by the tattered trappings of folly?

EMILY.

I, Mamma! No, indeed. I think reaſon wears with you a familiar air; and you know I think it very amiable.

MOTHER.

I did not aſk you for a compliment. But to ſay nothing of its familiar air, ſince it is beſt ſeen when unadorned, can you think it a proof of good taſte to dreſs it out in a Harlequin's jacket?

EMILY.

However, Mamma, I recollect, you once told me, that fables were invented to diſguiſe the truth; and you muſt acknowledge, there is an affinity between reaſon and truth---

MOTHER.

And conſequently morality. I ought likewiſe to acknowledge, that truth is alſo moſt beautiful when unadorned as well as reaſon. But according to your own remark, as truth is not to be ſpoken at all times, I conceive, that apologue or fable was firſt made uſe of to conceal certain truths, too dangerous to be ſpoken, or too painful to be heard. It is ſcarcely poſſible to utter diſagreeable truths to a powerful and unjuſt perſon in any other manner: and, indeed, fable firſt had its birth in the country of deſpotiſm and ſlavery.

EMILY.

I underſtand you. Men dared not ſpeak, therefore they made the animals ſpeak in their place.

MOTHER.

True.

EMILY.

That brings to my mind the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, who met on the banks of a rivulet. Do you know, Mamma, it made me cry. Yet I am not deſpotic.

MOTHER.

No, you are not in the claſs of wolves, but in that of lambs.

EMILY.

I thought of mine; and I ſaid, Ah! my poor *Placid!* if thou hadſt been there, thou wouldſt have been ſnapped up without mercy.

MOTHER.

And, no doubt, you preached to him to keep at as great a diſtance as poſſible from the wolves?

EMILY.

Yes, yes, I underſtand you. That is the moral.

MOTHER.

You ſee then, that fable, at leaſt as it was originally conceived, is extremely ſimple; that it is conciſe, nervous, ſevere even in its ornaments; and that it commonly contains great ſenſe.

EMILY.

That is true. It comes into one's

mind when one leaſt expects it, or is far from thinking of it.

MOTHER.

Therefore, falſe as it is, it has almoſt the ſame ſimple and noble appearance as reaſon and truth.

EMILY.

Becauſe employed in their ſervices; is it not?

MOTHER.

Right. And good ſervants adopt more or leſs the manners of their maſters.

EMILY.

And the fairies, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Do you remember the gentleman whom Mrs. *Soligna*c brought to our houſe in the country, as ſhe paſſed that way?

EMILY.

Yes, Mamma---Was he an author?

MOTHER.

Not entirely by profeſſion, but from inclination.

EMILY.

Pray what is an author?

MOTHER.

It is one who makes the public the confident of his thoughts.

EMILY.

What advantage is there in that?

MOTHER.

If his thoughts be natural, beautiful, great, profound, or new, the advantage is great. He acquires public eſteem, and conſideration; nay, even immortality.

EMILY.

Very true; it is a long time ſince Mr. *Rollin* died, and yet he employs me every day. But, if his thoughts be bad?

MOTHER.

They are forgotten, as well as the author of them.

EMILY.

Are there many bad authors?

MOTHER.

In every kind, the middling and the bad are more common than the good.

EMILY.

That is the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, the good ones are ſo valuable?

MOTHER.

Moſt certainly! But to return to our

author; he told me, that he was paſſionately fond of fairy tales; that he had compoſed ſeveral; requeſted me to read one of them only, and to give him my ſentiments before they ſhould be printed.

EMILY.

He wants to make you his confidant before he does the public.

MOTHER.

He has not made a good choice. But if he ſhould recollect it, and bring me one of them, we will read it together, and you will then judge of this kind of compoſition from your own feelings. Perhaps I was wrong to exclude any kind of writing; it is unjuſt that you ſhould conform to my opinion on my word only, without examination.

EMILY.

That is, Mamma, you will make me the umpire between you and the fairies.

MOTHER.

And not to influence your judgment, I will make this gentleman their counſel; for ſhould they be judged from the tales your Governeſs compoſed for you, when little, theſe ladies might perhaps accuſe

me of having cauſed them to be condemned on the weakeſt pieces of their ſtock.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma! you have promiſed me to ſpend one day more in the country, if the weather remain fine; that will be a good opportunity, if you think proper, to judge this cauſe.

MOTHER.

With all my heart: but I am fearful ſuch an excurſion will not haſten the improvement of your complexion.

EMILY.

Nay, Mamma! can you believe me capable of thinking of ſuch nonſenſe.

MOTHER.

Suppoſe we think of our dinner, unleſs your walk, inſtead of giving you an appetite, has taken it away?

EMILY.

They were, perhaps, two fairies and a genii I met this morning. Well, no matter; Heaven bleſs them, I ſay. You are the fairy *Luminous*, and have diſenchanted me.

FOURTEENTH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

WELL, Mamma, ſee! we have now paſſed the turnpike. The weather is charming. We ſhall be almoſt two hours in the coach; it is juſt the right time to read the fairy tale you have in your work-bag.

MOTHER.

Come then, ſince we are ſo well acquainted with the road to our houſe, I conſent, on two conditions only. The firſt is, that you read it without any interruption.

EMILY.

Then a fairy tale is of equal importance with a bailiff's letter.

MOTHER.

That is not preciſely the reaſon. But, if we once ſuffer ourſelves to make ex-

curſions, reflexions, and interruptions, we ſhall never get through it; and thoſe ladies will ſhew us more of the country than we want to ſee.

EMILY.

I know you do not like to paſs more time with them than is needful.

MOTHER.

But as the ſtory appears long, I will give you leave to read aloud, or to yourſelf, as you find moſt convenient; for we muſt not ſuffer the ladies to fatigue you.

EMILY.

What is the other condition, Mamma?

MOTHER.

It is, that as ſoon as we arrive at our houſe, we will ſay no more of the fairies. I own to you, ingenuouſly, that I purpoſed paſſing a day in the country with my *Emily*, and promiſed myſelf much pleaſure in it. The weather is favourable, and I ſhould think it very hard to have theſe faires on my hands the whole day; and that they ſhould break in upon our retirement. I do not

know whether you would like it, but I aſſure you I ſhould not.

EMILY.

Nor I neither, Mamma. We ought to walk the whole day, in this fine weather.

MOTHER.

Which would render this the fineſt ſeaſon of the year, if we did not daily loſe ſome part of its beauty.

EMILY.

How do you mean, Mamma?

MOTHER.

The ſun loſes its force; vegetation is ſtopped; the plants expire; the trees are ſtripped of their leaves; and night ſteals from the day. This progreſs of nature toward repoſe, this viſible and daily degradation, preſents the image of death, and makes you melancholy.

EMILY.

Not me, Mamma! At leaſt I do not perceive it.

MOTHER.

I intended to ſay, makes me melancholy.

EMILY.

Have a little patience, Mamma. In the ſpring the leaves will appear again;

the flowers and the fruits will return; and there will no longer be any image of death.

MOTHER.

And therefore ſpring enlivens all nature, though it be a leſs agreeable ſeaſon than the autumn: the weather ſtill partakes of the chills of winter, and is unſettled. It gives leſs than any other ſeaſon; but, in return, it promiſes every thing.

EMILY.

And hope is a fine thing, is it not?

MOTHER.

Do you not perceive, that children reſemble the ſpring, except perhaps that it oftener performs what it promiſes than they?

EMILY.

So now for the poor children again with all their faults.

MOTHER.

Do you complain, when I compare them to what is the moſt intereſting in nature?

EMILY.

I know, Mamma, how much you love them---But, a-propos; am I melancholy?

MOTHER.

You muſt tell me that; I ſee you continually laughing and jumping about. I know no further.

EMILY.

Well! I am going to read the tale. Perhaps it will inform me what I am. Oh! it is the *Happy Iſland*. It is a promiſing title.

MOTHER.

Or the *Aerial Vows*.

EMILY.

So, then! *(She reads.)*

THE HAPPY ISLAND;

OR, THE AERIAL VOWS.

THE Princeſs *Regentine*, ſovereign of the Happy Iſland, was left a widow about two and twenty days after her marriage. Her huſband, who is not repreſented in hiſtory as a wonderful genius, was fooliſh enough to kill himſelf with his own gun, as he was leaping a ditch with much grace and agility, in purſuit of a hare. When the Princeſs heard of this fatal and unexpected cataſtrophe, ſhe made a vow never to marry again. She was with-

child, and hoped the birth of a ſon would be a juſtification of her vow; but though ſhe was brought to bed of twin daughters, ſhe ſtill ſaw no reaſon to change her reſolution.

The eldeſt of her daughters, named *Celeſtina*, was beautiful as an angel. Her ſkin was like the dazzling whiteneſs of mountain ſnow, her complexion brilliant, her large blue eyes, and fine hair, her noble, and majeſtic air, together formed a moſt enchanting object. She attracted all eyes, though it were impoſſible to look on her for five minutes with ſafety.

The moſt faſhionable people at court, jealous of their reputation of intrepidity, in defying the danger, contracted a habit of twinkling their eyes, which indeed was thought ſomewhat affected by the critics; but which gave to the moſt ordinary countenance an infinite deal of expreſſion. Several noblemen were ſo dazzled, that they could only ſee in the duſk of the evening. From the date of this accident, thoſe families are diſtinguiſhed by bearing owls in their coats of arms. Yet, as it was the mode to ogle the young Princeſs, or rather as it was impoſſible to avoid it, neceſſity, the

parent of invention, eſtabliſhed it as a rule at court, that none ſhould appear there without a pair of green ſpectacles.

This cuſtom was at firſt adopted with a degree of timidity by the moſt hardy votaries of new faſhions; but it was ſoon crowned with ſucceſs, and became as common as the mode of borrowing from the harneſs of the horſes buckles for the ſhoes.

A noſe without green ſpectacles would have been taken at court for a noſe of the ſixteenth century; nay, it would have been a kind of indecency to have been ſeen with a naked noſe.

The ladies were indeed excuſed wearing this ornament, finding it more expedient to turn their eyes another way when their duty called them to attend the Princeſs; but their heads being all turned from her, was not a leſs ſtriking homage paid to this peerleſs beauty, than the green ſpectacles all directed toward her. On court days, the reſult of theſe evolutions wanted neither rapidity nor

variety, whenever the Princeſs was diſpoſed to a frequent change of place.

The artiſts of the nation, diſplayed on this occaſion, according to cuſtom, that vaſt creative genius which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes them. The moſt pleaſing forms, the moſt light, and the moſt various, ſucceeded with unheard of rapidity. From round ſpectacles, they paſſed to oval, ſquare, and cylindrical; ſome were made like teleſcopes, the tubes of which were more than ſix lines in length; and thoſe, who were deſirous of diſtinguiſhing themſelves for their attachment thereby, never wore any other. A week ſeldom paſſed, without ſome new invention, and ſeldom did the diſcovery ſet bounds to human ſkill. The profound ſagacity with which they knew how to adapt every kind of ſpectacle to every kind of noſe, was a ſubject worthy of admiration in every foreign academy. But the laſt and moſt aſtoniſhing effort, was the invention of elaſtic ſpectacles; the mechaniſm of which was ſo delicate and ſuſceptible, that they moved at the leaſt

motion of the Princeſs. They were called ſenſitive ſpectacles; for ſenſibility was the faſhionable diſorder in the *Happy Iſland*; and it would be difficult to convey any idea of the ravages made in that century; which may juſtly be called the Century of Refinement. But theſe particulars are leſs the province of hiſtory, than the encyclopedia of arts, which muſt be conſulted in the article, *Spectacles*.

Celeſtina, ſeeing herſelf almoſt as ſoon as ſhe left her cradle, the cauſe of ſo ſurpriſing a revolution, could not help conceiving a high opinion, if not of her own merit, at leaſt of her ſtars; and the moſt ſkilful caſuiſts have not yet determined which of theſe two opinions are beſt calculated to lead people aſtray in their journey through life. The Princeſs ſoon claſſed herſelf among the phenomena of the age; ſhe even ſuppoſed, that the iſland governed by her mother had received the epithet of Happy, for no other reaſon, than having been deſtined to give her birth. By the ſame ſtrength of argument, ſhe was perſuaded, that there could be no living out of her country; and that every where elſe,

people only vegetated. She therefore made an irrevocable vow to fix in the place where ſhe was born.

This iſland, which was ſeparated from the continent only by a very narrow ſtreight, but deep enough to drown upon occaſion, men, arms, and baggage, offered, on all ſides, at leaſt to ſuperficial obſervers, the image of Happineſs. From morning to night, every one thought only of diverſion. None were employed in reflecting on the future; the paſt left no traces behind; the preſent moment employed all their thoughts. And, if a continuation of pleaſure did not produce ſatiety, they would have been ignorant in that happy country, even of the poſſibility of gaping, and wearineſs. But eternal and immutable laws having placed the exceſs of ſatiety, near the exceſs of enjoyment, the *Happy Iſland*, in proportion as the art of enjoyment became refined, was inhabited by perſons addicted to exaggeration from error in opinion; rather greedy of events, than really touched, or charmed with the contemplation of the beauties of nature or art, inceſſantly employed, and without ſucceſs, in beguiling their *ennui*; loſing the ſecret

of true enjoyment, by running after pleaſure and its ſhadow.

If it were a misfortune to *Celeſtina* to have been born during the violence of this contagious malady, it was ſtill a greater one to become the object of public admiration to ſo tireſome and frivolous a people. Though ſhe was endowed with great ſenſe, ſhe was not able to ſave herſelf from the ravages that exceſſive and repeated flattery produces in the beſt organized heads. One of the ſlighteſt inconveniences attending it was, that, without any exertion to pleaſe on her part, ſhe had only to beſtow one glance to ſecure conqueſt; all her wiſhes being no ſooner formed than ſatisfied, ſhe contracted a habit of perfect indolence; and thus did her moſt zealous admirers inceſſantly endeavour to render her every day leſs worthy of admiration.

Her ſiſter was called *Renet*, becauſe her face was round, ſomewhat reſembling an apple; ſhe was neither tall nor ſhort, brown nor fair, ugly nor handſome; in ſhort, none knew, nor wiſhed to know what ſhe was. Some philoſphers only

only, who, in court days, retired into a corner of the Preſence Chamber, holding no communication even with each other, ſeeing all things without ſeeming to be ſo, were ſuſpected, we know not on what grounds, of diſcovering ſhe had black eyes and an expreſſive countenance; and they were accuſed of ſecretly thinking ſhe would in time equal her ſiſter. But during the rage for green ſpectacles, it would have been dangerous to have let ſuch a daring opinion tranſpire ſo very oppoſite to the received one.

None of theſe conceited humouriſts diſputed the ſuperiority of *Celeſtina*'s underſtanding; they were contented with remarking, that the mind of *Renet* was active and reflective. As ſhe was obliged to ſeek reſources in herſelf, and in a commerce with the dead, ſhe was certain of never being diſturbed in her reflections; and ſhe found no food for her genius except what ſhe procured for herſelf; but this neceſſity, joined to a kind of neglect ſhe lived in, though in her mother's court, far from being prejudicial to her, turned greatly to her advantage.

If any one, through inattention to the received cuſtoms, thought fit to converſe with her, he was quite aſtoniſhed to find her capable of making an anſwer; happily this diſcovery could be of no conſequence in a court, that declared itſelf an enemy to every kind of thought and reflection.

What contributed toward rendering *Renet* the more intereſting was, that ſhe was the fartheſt of any at court from thinking ſhe had merit. She was ſo compleatly blind in this article, her admiration for her ſiſter was ſo ſincere, that looking on her in all reſpects as a perfect model, ſhe was nearly loſing, by a miſtaken imitation, the ſimplicity and valuable part of her own character. The deference ſhe paid her ſiſter, who at moſt was her ſenior only by a few minutes, was the moſt complete. No ſooner was ſhe, for example, informed of the vow *Celeſtina* had made, than ſhe thought herſelf bound to make one directly oppoſite, of accepting, without murmur, the firſt perſon that the politics of her mother ſhould judge expedient for her to marry out of her own country.

Regentina, with a commanding deportment, poſſeſſed all the eſſential qualities that can be deſired in a great Princeſs; yet there was in her uſual conduct, a certain indifference, which indeed was not eaſily diſcovered; and never appeared in her public conduct. The thoughtleſſneſs from which it aroſe depended rather on the atmoſphere ſhe breathed, which was not in uniſon with the firmneſs and conſtancy of her character. Her application to buſineſs was in no wiſe injurious to the charms of her wit, her taſte for the arts, or that delicate and conſtant ſuſceptibility which were manifeſt in the moſt trifling occurrences; and which ſeemed incompatible with a frivolous underſtanding; yet all were aſtoniſhed to find in her an indifference for the preſent events, and a certain repugnance to interfere in them.

Thus, the duties of government had not cauſed her to neglect the education of her daughters; but, as in every thing elſe, ſhe only thought on the general plan; and having ordered the principal rules, ſhe looked on the minute as below her attention, and confided with full ſe-

curity in thoſe to whom ſhe had given up the direction of it. Conſequently, the reſult was a very indifferent education. *Celeſtina* was not preſerved from any of the dangers to which her exterior advantage daily expoſed her; and *Renet* was indebted only to the kind of forgetfulneſs in which ſhe lived; though in her mother's court under the eye, yet apparently unobſerved by her. Critical travellers were aſtoniſhed, how a Princeſs ſo accompliſhed, and ſo juſtly celebrated, could neglect ſo material an article.

We are ignorant whether it proceeded from negligence or deſign that *Regentina* omitted a very important ceremony at the birth of the Princeſſes. Three old dotards, who aſſumed the title and rank of fairies, and who, from time immemorial, intermeddled, right or wrong, in what did not concern them, had acquired a right of dictating and ordering in every family. Amongſt other cuſtoms, it was uſual to invite them to all births, though ever ſo inconſiderable. Entertainments

were made for them; and the new born infants were put under their protection. They, on their part, aſſumed airs of importance, whiſpered impertinent nothings in each others ears, packed the cards, told the childrens fortunes with tedious ceremonies, and pretended by all this grimace to avert the malignant influence of ſome evils genius, nay of the ſtars themſelves. The fact was, the fate of the children often depended on the preſents that were heaped on theſe ladies, and the good cheer that was provided for them: and for ſuch great perſonages, it muſt be owned they were neither enough diſintereſted nor indifferent to ſuch pleſures.

However that might be, *Regentina* either too amiable, or too careleſs to attend to theſe witches, had totally forgotten them; and her firſt phyſician, the only perſon, who, in virtue of his office, could take the liberty of ſpeaking at the time of her delivery, was a Freethinker, who had no faith in fairies; he was delighted on this occaſion to fail in his duty.

This connoiſſeur put the three old

women into a moſt diabolical temper. They had been at conſiderable expence in the article of dreſs, that they might appear at ſo brilliant a court with a ſplendor ſuitable to their rank, and the high reputation they enjoyed. When they found they had been at a needleſs expence, they made ſuch a clamour, that it has ever ſince been compared to the hurly-burly of the lower world. It was not their fault, if the *Happy Iſland* was not ſwallowed up. They made a ſolemn vow, never to ſet foot in it; all the ſtorms, hail, tempeſts, they could raiſe, were not wanting in their proper ſeaſons to the ſubjects of *Regentina*. Unhappily, every one was ſo taken up in diverting themſelves, that they had not time to obſerve ſuch trifling inconveniences. The firſt phyſician, who, in his quality of philoſopher, could not fail taking notice of it, was as arch as an old baboon, and laughed in his ſleeve at the reſentment of their High Mightineſſes.

An old tire-woman, greatly attached to antiquated cuſtoms, ſeeing the Princeſſes improve in ſtature and beauty, notwithſtanding they had not been placed under the protection of the old fairies,

took upon her to talk to *Regentina*. She choſe a favourable opportunity. *Regentina* favoured the propoſal, as an opportunity of giving a continuation of ſuperb entertainments, of diſplaying her magnificence, and of diverſifying (it ſignified not on what occaſion) the uniformity of a Court, always amuſed, and conſequently always weary. I am really, ſaid ſhe, to the tire-woman, greatly obliged to you. You bring to my remembrance a fault which I have committed, and muſt be repaired. It will not be long before my daughters muſt marry. *Celeſtina* is too much taken up with herſelf; and I could wiſh *Renet* was not quite ſo ready to imitate her. This is the very moment to conſult their ſtars, beſide it will amuſe us; and when the ladies are returned home, the principal Eſquire will counterfeit them to perfection.

She immediately named three Ambaſſadors, to wait upon the three fairies, on her part, and to invite them to honour the *Happy Iſland* with their auguſt preſence. The Council ſet about preparing inſtructions; which were then looked

upon as maſter-pieces of depth and ſubtlety. Two Miniſters of State were inveſted with the repreſentative character, to attend the *Fairy Foreſight*, and her youngeſt ſiſter, the *Fairy Prudence*, who reſided in the ſame aerial palace. They were both very renowned ladies, and, excluſively of their love for goſſiping, very agreeable company. The reputation of the third was of a doubtful nature. It was the cuſtom to make choice of her through policy, to prevent her, by the attention ſhewn her, from playing tricks on the children, and which induced people to adopt her, even without conſulting her inclination. She was called the *Fairy Capricious:* an officer of the guards, was fixed on to execute the commiſſion of Ambaſſador from *Regentina* to her.

This was a delicate affair; it required great ſkill and knowledge of buſineſs, to gloſs over the neglect that had been ſhewn them, and to remove every idea that might bring to their remembrance the raſh vow they had made. The art was, to perſuade them, that *Regentina* was unwilling to intercept their more important function, till the laſt extremity;

and when their protection and experience became abſolutely neceſſary for her daughters; for differing from thoſe reſtleſs and unthinking mothers, who preſumed to interrupt them every inſtant, on the moſt trifling occaſions, and deranged the doctrines of the univerſe for the ſake of a little worthleſs chit.

The management of an infinite number of circumſtances was left to the ſkill of the Ambaſſadors, who had readineſs in improving a lucky opportunity; it was juſt hinted to them, that what would ſenſibly affect the fairies *Prudence* and *Foreſight*, would make but a ſlight impreſſion on the fairy *Capricious*, who reſided in a great meaſure, alone and forſaken, in a retired palace; all the apartments of which were laid out in ſmall cloſets. The architect of this ſingular palace had made himſelf immortal by the invention of theſe cloſets, in compliance with the taſte of his Auguſt Miſtreſs; and it is aſſerted, that they were originally deſtined to the purpoſe of indulging *ennui*.

The other two fairies, though they had not ſo many cloſets, were not the leſs weary in their palace, and experienced

many dull moments, though abſorbed in great affairs, yet felt the moſt lively joy at the arrival of the Ambaſſadors from the *Happy Iſland*. It cannot be denied, that they received them with a diſtant kind of dignity, though their reſentment was ſoftened from the addreſs of the Ambaſſadors in ſlily introducing into the negociation at their firſt audience, that *Regentina* had deferred the ceremony only to render it more ſplendid; and that the preparations had taken up all the intermediate time. This inſinuation made a profound impreſſion, as it promiſed them admirable entertainment. They had now only to efface the remembrance of the uſeleſs expences of the toilette, to which they had put themſelves; they ſet about the ſame employment with great readineſs, but with a ſuitable ſlowneſs to ſave appearances, and conceal from the Ambaſſadors, who were curious ſpectators of their deſigns, their real ſolicitude.

The buſineſs of the toilette being accompliſhed, a waiting-woman had the imprudence to put the ladies in mind of their vow.

Luckily, it was too late to make reflections, *Prudence* made no other reply

than darting a furious look at her, to diſmiſs her from her office, order her beautiful ſerpent *Tricotor* to be harneſſed; then mounting him, and taking *Foreſight* up behind her, who, being provided with her teleſcope, made uſe of her ſiſter's ſhoulder to place it in ſuch a manner, that no future event might eſcape her during their journey. In a twinkling they arrived at the *Happy Iſland*, which was but nineteen hundred and twenty-three furlongs from their reſidence; they made their ſolemn entry immediately * *in fiocchi*, over the tops of the houſes, amidſt the acclamations of the numerous inhabitants of the capital, who ſung in full band, this chorus of *Piccini*:

† Allons, allons, accourez tous,
Ces Dames vont deſcendre.

The officer who was deputed as Ambaſſador to *Capricious*, met not with ſuch ſucceſs. She had indeed made a vow to viſit the *Happy Iſland*; but that was preciſely the reaſon why ſhe ſhould not yet: beſide, it was her deſign to fall into it

* In flocks.

† Come, come, let us all run,
The ladies are coming down!

like a bomb, without being invited, that it might look like a viſit *en paſſant*; and above all, expreſs her high diſdain. Neither was it her intereſt to be in company with the two ladies her neighbours, for ſo ſhe called thoſe relations ſhe diſliked. The arrival, therefore, of this Ambaſſador, was extremely diſagreeable to her on every account.

Not to loſe time, ſhe fixed the firſt audience at five o'clock the next morning. Though the Ambaſſador might be flattered by this extraordinary haſte, he wiſhed to have, at leaſt, one day to recover the fatigue of a hard journey, and make ſuitable preparation for a ceremony ſo auguſt; but every thing was ſo hurried that this entry became famous in hiſtory, by the name of the Proceſſion of Ghoſts; becauſe all the retinue had the look and appearance of it; and the magnificence that was then diſplayed, rendered the whole truly ridiculous.

When the Ambaſſador arrived at the foot of the great ſtair-caſe, he was conducted to the cloſet of the dwarfs belonging to the court, where he had leiſure to recover his ſpirits, and reflect on the plan of his negotiation; for the fairy made him wait five tedious hours. The

chief Maſter of the Ceremonies, notwithſtanding his long ſervices, and great experience, had never before ſeen any thing of the kind; he was vexed, and did not dare to raiſe his eyes to his Excellence. The Ambaſſador, not being willing to debaſe his character, by expreſſing his impatience, walked about with an eaſy air, in a room which was but ſix feet by four; and began to whiſtle all the airs in the comic operas he was acquainted with, though he was obliged to begin many of them ſeveral times, which greatly mortified him. At length he was introduced to the cloſet of audience, and received with the moſt extraordinary marks of affability, condeſcenſion, and elegance of manners. The fairy paid him, and her who ſent him, ſo many witty compliments, overwhelmed him with ſo many ingenious, intereſting, and polite queſtions, that his Excellency was diſconcerted, and abaſhed, and could never gain the power of uttering one word of his harangue on the ſubject of his miſſion.

A whole month paſſed without the Ambaſſador being able to open the buſineſs, much leſs advance it, though

he negotiated day and night. *Capricious* wanted to gain time, that ſhe might regulate her conduct by that of her couſins; that is to ſay, to act in direct oppoſition to them. She was ſtifled with rage, when ſhe heard they were arrived in the *Happy Iſland*. Her violence againſt them, for their contempt and forgetfulneſs of their vow, was exceſſive. In her fury, ſhe preferred ranging the three hundred and ſixty-five cloſets of her palace, and tormenting her women and herſelf, to the honour of partaking the homage of the *Happy Iſland* with the two fairies. Her firſt care, was to diſmiſs the Ambaſſador. She expreſsly fell ſick, that ſhe might ſend him away politely. He was introduced to the bed-cloſet on tip-toe. He was informed, that the fairy had the nervous complaint in a moſt horrible manner, and entreated him to have the complaiſance to recite his harangue in a low voice, without, however, retrenching any part of it, becauſe ſhe held ſacred the rights of nations. One of her ladies, in night cloaths, was placed by her order in her bed, who ſeemed to breathe with great difficulty, the curtains being kept ſhut. The fairy ſaw every thing from an ad-

joining cloſet, and then firſt taſted pure happineſs. The Ambaſſador's harangue laſted near half an hour; but it was pronounced in ſo low a voice, that he had made an end of it almoſt half an hour more before any one perceived it. The pretended fairy then half opened the curtains, and held out her piſtachio coloured glove for him to kiſs; and the Chancellor concluded the ceremony, though in a ſtill lower voice than the Ambaſſador, who was reconducted with the uſual forms, after receiving the cuſtomary preſent in pick-tooths.

Regentina's thoughts were diverted from the ſucceſs of her enterpriſe, by greater cares. The two old women had complied with her requeſt, ſooner than ſhe expected, and nothing was prepared for their entertainment. Beſide, it was impoſſible at firſt to baniſh all etiquette, and ceremony, with ſuch exalted perſonages; which was extremely diſagreeable to *Regentina*, who moſt cordially deteſted it. Another circumſtance contributed to her diſpleaſure. When theſe ladies were ſent for to new-born infants, they diſpatched the buſineſs of their deſ-

tiny in a twinkling, in the chamber of the lying-in lady, whoſe health it was needful to conſult; but in this caſe the fairies pretended, that the oracle, concerning two ſuch illuſtrious Princeſſes, arrived at their age, ought to be publicly pronounced with great pomp. They expected, on ſo brilliant an occaſion, to ſurpaſs even themſelves; and it was in vain to perſuade them to give up the idea.

Regentina, on her part, was not fond of giving entertainments *incognito*; it afforded her pleaſure to behold the idle aſſembling from all parts of the world to admire her taſte and magnificence. Reaſons of State forbade the admiſſion of ſtrangers to the ceremony of pronouncing the Oracle; becauſe family ſecrets, paſt, preſent, and to come, were of too delicate a nature to be diſcloſed in their preſence; and there was no anſwering for the old women's tongues when once they opened their mouths. This mode of theirs, as it muſt be ſubmitted to, was extremely diſagreable to *Regentina*. Cards of invitation were ſent to all the neighbouring Princes, friends, and allies, to honour the rejoicings that were to ſucceed the Oracle; and to laſt nine

days. This evaſion, contrived by the Maſter of the Ceremonies, conciliated all parties, and was univerſally admired. It was alſo inſerted in all the Gazettes, that every ſtranger, having a right to wear green ſpectacles, would be admitted at Court at the ſame time, without further proof.

The fairies, having fully conſulted their conjuring books, the day for pronouncing the Oracle was fixed, and announced, by ſound of trumpet, in all the ſquares and ſtreets of the city. The populace aſſembled at ſix in the morning, in the great place before the Palace. At nine, the fairies appeared in robes of ceremony, with wands made of ſugar-candy, in the great balcony, on which a ſpacious alcove was conſtructed; the whole covered with a canopy of gauze, ornamented with all imaginable elegance and ſplendor. They took their ſeats with great dignity, upon two tripods of conſiderable height, and ſkilfully engraved with cabaliſtical figures, with their legs hanging down, according to their cuſtom; becauſe it was not expedient they ſhould touch the ground, except by the tripods; neither was any

profane foot-ſtool, or cricket allowed to approach the ſacred ſeat of inſpiration. *Regentina*'s throne was placed on the right ſide of the alcove, at a convenient diſtance, ſo as not to interrupt the geſticulations of the ladies. The two young Princeſſes were ſeated on folding chairs, at the feet of their mother, in the attitude of victims, awaiting their ſentence. All the great officers of ſtate ſurrounded their Sovereign. The ſerpent *Tricolor* hovered in the air over the great place, and blended his hiſſing, replete with prediction, with the reſounding trumpets of *Regentina*'s guards, who paraded in view of the great balcony, at the back of the fountain, whoſe waters riſe higher, and in larger quantities than thoſe of St. *Cloud* and *Herenhauſen*, put together; and which ſerved to refreſh the ſerpent during the ceremony.

When all the company had taken their places, a univerſal ſilence ſucceeded the noiſe of the trumpets, and the acclamations of the people. The two fairies, after blowing their noſes thrice, and making many ugly faces at each other, which announced the approaches of inſpiration, pronounced the moſt pompous,

the moſt diffuſive, the moſt obſcure, the moſt unmeaning, and the longeſt oracle, that ever has been handed down to poſterity. It laſted, without intermiſſion, nearly ſix hours by the clock, with ſuch agitation, ſcreams, geſtures, and vehemence, as ſurpaſſed all imagination. The two ſiſters relieved each other alternately; overcome by ſuch a torrent of words as to ſurpaſs all human patience. When the expiring voice of one gave notice that her powers were exhauſted, the other with piercing ſcreams, caught the expiring ſyllable, till the latter, oppreſſed by the fecundity of the ſubject, could take advantage in her turn, of the languor of her coadjutrix, and again make herſelf miſtreſs of the Princeſſes' ſtars. During the laſt hour and a quarter, the enthuſiaſm riſing progreſſively to its height, they both began talking together, with ſuch volubility, ſuch extraordinary and continued yells, ſuch violent contorſions and geſticulations, that their wands were reduced to cinnamon; a total extinction of voice, a deprivation of all their faculties, put an

end to the oracle, to the great regret of the fairies, who feared they had not done enough for ſuch great Princeſſes on ſo ſplendid an occaſion.

This day was ſet down in the annals of the *Happy Iſland*, as a day of calamity. The accidents it occaſioned were innumerable. *Regentina* herſelf, notwithſtanding the ſtrength of her mind and conſtitution, fainted away two or three times; and they were obliged to have recourſe to ſalts and ſcent-waters for her recovery. Though the Princeſſes had made very hearty breakfaſts, refreſhments were brought them continually, to keep up their ſpirits; and the whole Court took advantage of the opportunity to regale themſelves beyond their wants. The populace crowded together in the great place, conſumed in leſs than two hours, all the refreſhments that had been prepared for the whole time the feaſts were to laſt. Thus, not to mention the unexpected and enormous expence, one of the moſt auguſt ceremonies, began with ſo much decency and gravity, degenerated by its unforeſeen length, into a ſcene of the moſt ſcandalous tumult. Luckily the fairies

were too ſtrongly poſſeſſed, and two full of their ſubject to pay any attention to it, hearing nothing except the decrees they pronounced with ſo much eloquence and perſeverance, and therefore could take no offence at any thing that paſſed around them.

The moſt material thing was, to get them to change their linen, and to give them tea ſweetened with capillaire.

While the whole Court were eager to compliment them on their ſucceſs, the firſt phyſician, more vexed than any one elſe with the tireſome ceremony at which he had been preſent, came forward, and felt the pulſe of the two ſybils; to revenge himſelf for what he had ſuffered, he ordered them immediately to bed, without taking any nouriſhment.

This preſcription threw them into great conſternation. They were very fond of good cheer; and *Regentina*'s table was exquiſite, not to mention that they ſtood in need of recruiting their ſtrength, quite exhauſted by pronouncing the oracle. Yet, how could they dare diſobey ſuch a poſitive injunction? They had more faith in phyſic than the firſt phyſician had in oracles. Nine days of

continued feaſting and ſitting up late, and making a figure, inſpired them with ſome apprehenſions for the freſhneſs of their complexions, which at a certain age is a matter of ſome conſideration; and when the bloom of youth is paſt, requires, as is well known, more care than can be ſuppoſed. They yielded with ſome regret to ſtill greater ſacrifices.

After recovering a little the fatigue into which this tedious ceremony had thrown the whole nation, not one perſon could recollect a word of the unintelligible jargon that had been buzzed in their ears, except the following trivial though popular ſentences: *That* Celeſtina *ſhould be his who would take her without green, whilſt* Renet *would be taken through green.* Upon the whole, they were ſo ſatisfied at being relieved from the dreadful fatigue of that day, without any further inconvenience, and it was in general ſo repugnant to the generality of the inhabitants of the *Happy Iſland* to dwell for any time on the ſame ſubject, that every individual made the moſt favourable interpretation of what he had heard, that no more might be ſaid of it. In the lapſe of time, this famous oracle,

in which the emphatical word could not be comprehended, became ſo clear, that whatever happened to the Princeſſes, every one exclaimed; *The Oracle has rightly foretold.*

The evening of this memorable day, there was ſuch a prodigious concourſe of ſtrangers, that the greateſt part of them were forced to lodge in tents; and there was reaſon to apprehend, that this terrible ſcourge of famine would correct the days conſecrated to feſtivity and joy, into days of mourning and deſpair. This incident was generally aſcribed to the artifice of *Capricious*; however, it was needful to ſeek a prompt and efficacious remedy. The guardian fairies agreed to furniſh proviſions, on condition they ſhould be paid in ready money, or good bills; but they were nearly deprived of the means of performing their engagement. Three-fourths of their power was reduced with the deſtruction of their wands; and it was pretended their embarraſment occaſioned a ſecond triumph to *Capricious*, who ſaw all that paſſed from the moſt elevated of her cloſets. The firſt phyſician, on the contrary, threw out his ſarcaſms on the inconſiderateneſs

with which the old fools had deſtroyed the moſt uſeful implement of their trade; and the vulgar paid but little reſpect to fairies without wands.

At length, the High Marſhal propoſed to faſten all the covered waggons in the country to the tail of the ſerpent *Tricolor*, and to diſpatch him and this equipage to all the markets on the continent, at the ſame time. It was calculated, that in ſixty-three minutes and eleven ſeconds, he might come back with an ample ſupply of proviſions. But the difficulty was to prevail on a nobleman of his rank to accept of ſo baſe a commiſſion. The fairies themſelves, accompanied by the two Princeſſes waited on him to make the propoſal in the moſt ſuppliant manner. Many prejudices muſt be conquered on his part; but what cannot weeping beauty accompliſh? What cannot humanity and patriotiſm perform in great minds? The heart of the noble ſerpent was ſoftened; he ſet out with all the covered waggons at his tail, like a ſimple purveyor; and at his return, was honoured, as he juſtly deſerved, with the civic crown, which he ſtill bears in his arms, as a reward for ſaving the citizens.

This ſudden monopoly was the real cauſe, though then little known, of the famine that deſolated at that time the whole continent; ſo difficult is it to do good to one party without injuring the other.

No ſooner were they relieved from this difficulty, than another ſtarted up, though of a leſs alarming nature. Millions had been expended on equipages, horſes, harneſſes, and liveries; each was ambitious of ruining himſelf the faſteſt, and with the moſt taſte: all this expence was nearly thrown away, on account of the great number of people, which prevented the uſe of coaches.

Notwithſtanding the fairies, who were fond of this ſpecies of magnificence, made uſe of the broken bits of their wands, to remove the houſes, and to make all the ſtreets as wide as that of *Piccadilly* in *London*; *Regentina* herſelf, in the height of that epidemic fury, which converted all the beautiful gardens into narrow ſtreets, would never ſuffer to be conſtructed any of thoſe cloſe and narrow ſtreets, in which two coaches cannot paſs without touching, and in which the circulation of the air is intercepted by a

double row of houſes, five or ſix ſtories high: ſtill the uſe of coaches on this occaſion was impracticable, and every one was obliged to ſubmit. But the fairies having given orders for fine weather, the want of coaches was the leſs felt; and the great men of the iſland, as well as foreigners, conſoled themſelves for this cruel diſappointment, by making their jockeys run races, near ten leagues from town; that is, at the neareſt place it was poſſible to run, or to be able to go in coaches, without any accidents happening to the croud. The bets ran high; but the law forbidding any to bet, except with *Malteſe* oranges, this exceſs proved an encouragement for the cultivation of them. The ladies were always preſent at the races, and diſplayed their charms in walking backward and forward on the race-ground. The two old fairies went there alſo, on their ſerpent, and were preſent at all the races.

It would be a daring, as well as an uſeleſs attempt, to enter on a detail of the entertainments that ſucceeded each

other during nine days, with equal rapidity and ſplendor. Every one knows the fine deſcription of them, dedicated to the fairies, and publiſhed by the *Poet-Laureat*, in compliance with the orders of the High Chamberlain, to whoſe creative genius he renders all the juſtice that is due from a poet to his patron. No hiſtorian has thought proper to oppoſe a work ſo juſtly, and ſo univerſally admired, either for the fertility of the ſubject, the elegance, variety, or beauty of the ſtyle. We will content ourſelves with remarking, that the remembrance of the moſt ſuperb and brilliant entertainments were entirely effaced by thoſe of the *Happy Iſland*. Cavalcades, tournaments, illuminations, balls, maſquerades, ſerious and comic operas, plays, public ſpectacles of all kinds filled up every vacant moment, and ſcarely left time to breath. The fire-works ſurpaſſed every thing that imagination can paint in their ſpecies. They had learned from a *Ruſſian* artiſt, the ſecret of making thoſe admirable *Chineſe* fire-works, orange-colour, white, and unpoliſhed ſilver; but the green fire was more particularly admired, as it ſoftened the reflection of

the brilliant complexion of *Celeſtina*, on account of the happy and natural alluſion to the green ſpectacles.

The populace were preſent at all theſe entertainments; and their peculiar amuſements were not neglected. The *Little Devil* and his company were ſent for, accounted the wonder of the age, accompanied by the Sieur *Placido*, and the Sieur *Dupuis*, both prodigies alſo. The moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons at Court flocked eagerly to this ſpectacle, deſtined to amuſe the vulgar only; and the *Little Devil* twice a-day attracted, all the green ſpectacles, in preference to *Celeſtina*. *Jeannot*, the great *Jeannot*, alſo preſented himſelf, to give an additional brilliancy to theſe rejoicings; but, though all the newſpapers were filled with his wonderful performances in a neighbouring capital, though he was become, in a few months, the moſt illuſtrious perſonage of the age, and his fame ſurpaſſed that of every other great genius; yet it ſtill remains a ſecret by what ſtrange caprice *Regentina* ſhould forbid him to exhibit, either for the amuſement of the little, or the great world. Innumerable cabals and intrigues

were formed at Court in his favour, though without effect. *Regentina* carried her pedantry so far as to forbid, in support of good taste, as it was expressed in her irrevocable decree, the appearance of *Jeannots* either in China-ware or snuff-boxes, in her dominions, though the said *Jeannots* might have introduced a new branch of commerce, of prodigious extent*. The Court murmurred loudly, and reproached *Regentina* for her prejudices and inattention to whatever was curious. Their resentment was extreme, and it is impossible to say how far it might have been carried, had not the Lieutenant of the Police taken it into his head to order the ballad singers to sing for three days following:

"*Jeannot* return'd the same way he came."

During the whole of these amusements, tables were covered, and continually supplied with equal profusion, taste, and neatness, in all the public places, cross-streets, and gardens. The guests re-

*Jeannot---A character in a comedy, which a person who performed it played so humourously, that he was ever after called by that name; and caps, crosses, snuff-boxes, in short every thing was made *à la Jeannot*. (Translator.)

freſhed themſelves for nine days and nights ſucceſſively. An exact account of the conſumption of proviſions preſerved in the archives, petrifies with aſtoniſhment, at this day, the moſt ſkilful calculators.

As to games of chance, it was expected they would be carried to the higheſt pitch of extravagance, wherefore *Regentina* did not think fit to forbid them. But her meaſures were taken with ſo much wiſdom, that though gaming-tables were every where to be found, none had time or inclination to touch a card; the bankers yawned or ſlept, or ſat patiently to paſs away the time before enormous maſſes of money. The hiſtorian juſtly remarks, as the moſt extraordinary circumſtance attending their rejoicings, that, during the time they laſted, there was not a ſingle Regentine of gold loſt or won.

It is painful to ſay it, but we cannot help ſuſpecting the poetical hiſtorian (who, from his ſituation, ought to poſſeſs elevated ſentiments) of a baſe motive, in having paſſed over in ſilence, the exhibition that met with the greateſt applauſe,

and which, in the opinion of every cultivated mind, attained that difficult point of perfection, of uniting the agreeable and the uſeful. A certain number of young perſons, choſen from among the Ladies of Honour, equally diſtinguiſhed by their birth, the graces of their youth, the charms of their figure, and the advantage of the moſt finiſhed education, repreſented, during three days, before a ſelect audience, little dramatic pieces, in a charming theatre within the Palace. *Regentina* had taken pleaſure in ordering this ſpectacle unknown to the High Chamberlain; which ſufficiently explains the ſilence of the poet thereon.

The firſt evening they repreſented, with the moſt brilliant applauſe, *The Flagons*,* and the *Happy Iſland*. The conformity of the title of this piece, with that of the country in which it was performed, no doubt ſecured its applauſe; but its ſucceſs did not depend on this circumſtance. It was remarked, that the two fairies did not appear to participate the rapture of the ſpectators; and that they grew very ſerious toward the end of the repre-

* Little Dramatic Pieces from Madame la Comteſs de *Genlis*' THEATRE OF EDUCATION. (Tranſlator.)

ſentation. The firſt phyſician, who piqued himſelf on explaining every thing that paſſed in their minds, ſaid aloud, That in ſpite of themſelves, they had drawn an unfavourable compariſon between the fairies in the piece, and themſelves; and that an involuntary preference to the natural, elegant, and noble manners of *Aſteria* and *Meliſſa*, to their own, was extremely mortifying to them. He pretended, that the choice of the piece, notwithſtanding its title, was, in this reſpect, unfortunate.

The ſecond day, they performed *Agar in the Deſert*, and the *Effects of Curioſity*, both replete with ſentiment and morality, and ſo admirably repreſented, as to draw tears from the whole aſſembly.

In fine, on the third day, they repreſented the *Spoiled Child*, and the *Dangers of the World*; and their ſucceſs was the more brilliant, as they were ſuppoſed to have made a particular impreſſion on the young Princeſſes. The *Spoiled Child* inſpired them with many ſalutary reflections; and the impreſſion made by the *Dangers of the World*, was ſtill ſtronger.

Celeſtina fancied ſhe ſaw her own picture in every feature of the Viſcounteſs; and *Renet* was fearful ſhe reſembled the weak and reſtleſs character of the Marchioneſs. *Regentina* applauded herſelf for the lucky thought of having, for the firſt time, joined utility to the frivolous amuſements of a Court; and now, for the firſt time alſo, the Court applauded, with tranſport, the happy idea of their Soveregn, without any mixture of flattery or adulation.

Theſe charming comedies were the work of a Lady of the Court, celebrated for the charms of her underſtanding, and the diverſity of her talents. She had retired from a ſociety whoſe ſoul ſhe was, to dedicate her time to a more intereſting and more noble purpoſe. It was nothing extraordinary, that a woman of ſuch rare merit ſhould be found in the Court of *Regentina*; but all were aſtoniſhed that a Princeſs ſo diſcerning as *Regentina*, had not entruſted her with the education of her daughters. When we ſay, that all were aſtoniſhed, we do not pretend to inſinuate, that it was ever thought of; but, according to the cuſ-

tom of the country, every one made, or repeated the remark, when the news were ſpread abroad, that a princeſs, whoſe pure and angelic mind had been formed by a fairy very different to ours, was going to take away this lady from the Court of *Regentina*, and to entruſt her with the education of her daughters, who, to render the contraſt more ſtriking, were twins. The reſignation of *Regentina*, on this occaſion, can no otherwiſe be accounted for, than from the natural variableneſs of the atmoſphere. It is ſaid, that *Capricious* felt on this occaſion a third emotion of joy.

The entertainments drew toward a concluſion; and the two old women, to ſignalize their generoſity, and above all, their ſenſe of the favours conferred on them by *Regentina*, endeavoured to outdo all their former exploits, by endowing the Princeſſes with a multitude of rare qualities, which coſt them nothing, and which, had they taken equal effect, would have made in the ſame perſon, a moſt extraordinary compound of contradictions. *Capricious* ſaved the Princeſſes from this danger, without intending it, by her counter charms. The pleaſure

ſhe took in thwarting the deſigns of her couſins, prevented her ſeeing at the moment, that, without intending it, ſhe preſerved the ladies from the danger of becoming tireſome prattlers, or inſupportably conceited.

The old women, after ruining themſelves in preſents, without untying their purſe-ſtrings, wiſhed to ſee the Princeſſes in full poſſeſſion of their benefits as ſoon as poſſible; and perſuaded *Regentina* to take advantage of the concourſe of ſtrangers, to choſe from among them huſbands, worthy to poſſeſs ſuch accompliſhed and deſerving Princeſſes. The firſt phyſician, fearing perhaps, leſt the old ladies would return again to the wedding-feaſts, pretended that it was the only ſenſible propoſal that had entered their brains; and that the eſpouſals ought to be celebrated immediately, without ceremony.

Among the whole crowd of ſtrangers, there were, however, but three who could hope to aſpire to the hands of the Princeſſes; theſe were, the Prince *Three Stars*, the Prince *Phœnix*, and the Prince *Colibri*. To deſcribe them in three

words, we may ſay, that the firſt was a Prince, juſt what he ought to be, the ſecond, a Prince, ſuch as never was, and the third, a Prince, ſuch as ought never to be again.

The firſt had loſt his father when young; and his grandfather, who was called *Pacific*, was ſo perfectly inſenſible, that he had ſuffered his dominions to fall into the hands of a collateral branch, and conſequently made his grandſon a Prince of fortune, which obliged him to acquire a great deal of merit.

The ſecond was preſumptive heir to his uncle *Songecreux*, who governed his dominions as it pleaſed God; ſometimes well, and ſometimes ill, according to his digeſtion. One of the phenomena of the age, and which the learned vainly ſought to define, was to ſee ſo perfect a nephew brought up by ſo extraordinary an uncle.

In the Prince *Phœnix* were united the moſt ſhining qualities, with the moſt agreeable perſon. At an age when others are ſcarcely regarded, he had acquired a reputation; and the moſt ſolid virtues had not effaced in him the

tender opening graces of early youth. He began his travels in the *Happy Iſland.*

The third was ſo little, ſo ſlender, ſo genteel, ſo pretty, ſo delicate, ſo brilliant, ſo friſky, ſo ſqueaking, ſo frolic, ſo whiffling, that every one mechanically avoided him as a troubleſome animal, or perhaps, from fear of cruſhing him to pieces undeſignedly. No one could ſuppoſe him to be the ſon, and what is more, the eldeſt ſon of the Landgrave *Toutrond*, whoſe Court was not in the leaſt brilliant. That of *Regentina* thought him the moſt ſilly, inſignificant, frivolous thing, that had been ſeen for two generations.

The appearance of *Phœnix* was ſomewhat different. He immediately adopted the manners of the firſt people at Court, with as much eaſe as if he had paſſed his life in it; and all agreed, that it was a pity he ſhould be a ſtranger in it. He ſmiled at their diſcourſe, liſtened to every pretender to wit, which was the moſt common of all, as well as to the continual abuſe of it; and without pretend-

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ing to any thing, he left, we know not by what magic, the most advantageous impressions wherever he appeared. In a few days, he became, without wishing or knowing it, the object, and the centre of the attention of the whole Court. It was observed, that *Celestina* was less regarded; and that the green spectacles were insensibly directed toward the Prince. Without affecting singularity, he had dispensed himself from wearing any; and what would have ruined another, succeeded so well with him, that his example nearly abolished the custom.

So accomplished a Prince, could not fail being moved by the perfections of the Princess. He soon felt the most confirmed symptoms of that formidable malady, which, by the account of the Courtiers, made such dreadful ravages, in a Court so extremely susceptible; but which the first physician declared he had never been consulted on but once in the whole course of his long practice. *Phœnix* was alarmed at his passion; the discovery of which afforded satisfaction to the whole Court; and it furnished

converſation for near twenty-four hours. On a ſudden, the Princeſſes Governeſs, feeling herſelf enlightened, cried out, *The Oracle is accompliſhed! This is the huſband for* Celeſtina! *he takes her without green.*

Celeſtina was not ſtruck with this ray of intelligence in the ſame manner as her Governeſs was. Not that ſhe beheld the paſſion of the Prince without affecting ſome ſatisfaction. How then could ſhe be indifferent to it? Calumny, that always delights to faſten on the moſt elevated and noble characters, inſinuated, that the two-fold offence of the Prince, in dividing the public attention, and omitting to wear green ſpectacles, had affected a heart, otherwiſe ſuperior to ſuch little foibles. But in theſe days, when every ſource is ſearched to the bottom, and the flambeau of criticiſm enlightens every ſtep of the hiſtorian; the moſt authentic memoirs, leave not the leaſt doubt, but *Capricious* by an abominable trick of her trade (invented in the moſt dangerous of her cloſets) facinated the eyes of the Princeſs, ſo as to miſlead her in this moſt deciſive moment of her deſtiny, her real intereſt,

and on which the happineſs of her life depended.

Who would believe it? The moſt charming of the Princeſſes declared her inclination for *Colibri*. This little original, in imitation of *Phœnix*, profeſſed himſelf to be paſſionately in love with *Celeſtina*; and that it might be viſible to all eyes, he became twenty times more friſky and inſupportable than ever. As he was vain of being in the pink of the faſhion, his only cry was for ſenſitive ſpectacles; but their continual motion did not ſuit with the inſtability of the little perſonage. In vain did his gentleman practiſe for twenty-four hours together; he never could ſucceed, even for the hundredth part of the twinkling of an eye, to meet the delicate little noſe of his Highneſs, or fix them properly on it. Luckily, the continual motion of his eyes, prevented him from the danger of becoming an owl; but the little puppy nevertheleſs affected to be in a rage, that he could not ſhew this mark of reſpect to the Princeſs.

This alone was ſufficient grounds for

the old waiting gentlewoman to perſuade *Regentina*, that this was the huſband deſtined by the Oracle, becauſe he would take the Princeſs without green, not on account of his diſdaining to wear green, but that it was not in his power to do ſo, notwithſtanding all his efforts; which, in her mind, made a material difference in the meaning of the Oracle. *Regentina* remained ſpeechleſs and confuſed, at the pitiful reſult of ſuch pompous preliminaries. Thoſe who were well acquainted with the world and the Court, agreed, that the heart of woman was an inexplicable abyſs; and all remarked the novelty of this ſentiment. The philoſophers alone found it ſimple and natural. They remembered the tale of, *The way to pleaſe the ladies*, written by one of their fraternity; and thought it common enough for a woman of ſenſe to prefer a coxcomb, whom ſhe could govern as ſhe liked, to a man, who would always ſurpaſs her, in ſpite of her and himſelf too, by poſſeſſing qualities too eminent.

Regentina, mortified and perplexed at the proſpect of having ſuch a ſon-in-law, and too feelingly convinced, that ſuch an

alliance would leſſen the dignity of her Crown, which ſhe was extremely jealous of maintaining, had recourſe to the two guardian fairies, in hopes, that as they had loaded her daughters with ſo many uſeleſs gifts, they would, for once, do her a real ſervice, in a very material circumſtance, by curing *Celeſtina* of ſo ridiculous and ill-placed a paſſion; but theſe ladies, chancing to find another opportunity, before their departure, of again diſplaying their eloquence, ſpun out a catalogue of common-place remarks, to convince her, that the decrees of fate were immutable; that it was in vain for feeble mortals to oppoſe them; that what we often think misfortunes, frequently prove ſources of happineſs, and *vice verſâ*; that conſequently we ought not to conclude raſhly, &c. &c. &c. &c. *Foreſight* even recollected ſeeing, during her journey, a Colibri continually flying before her teleſcope; and being vexed by his preventing her looking into futurity. This was to her a ray of intelligence, that clearly convinced her, Prince *Colibri* was the deſtined huſband of *Celeſtina*. This ſucceſsful demonſtration, occupied near-

ly a third part of the time taken up in pronouncing the Oracle.

Regentina, who was poſſeſſed of great fortitude in every other trial, was unable to ſupport vexation, when carried to a certain degree, yielded again on this occaſion, and remained annihilated. The fairies, charmed with her docility, took every thing upon themſelves, ordered the licence, and other neceſſary forms; and managed matters ſo well, that the marriage of *Celeſtina* with Prince *Colibri* was propoſed, fixed on, and concluded, in leſs than twenty-four hours, one condition only being ſtipulated, That the Prince ſhould remain in the dominions of *Regentina*, which would one day belong to *Celeſtina*. *Colibri* made a vow to do ſo, with a voice three times more ſhrill than common; and *Phœnix* would have doubted, if what paſſed before his eyes were real or a dream, had not the mortal grief that overwhelmed him, convinced him of the truth. He retired haſtily from a Court ſo fatal to his repoſe, uttering the moſt ſolemn and ſacred vow, never to behold again, the beauty that had robbed him of his peace; and to ſeek death in the chance of war at a diſtance from her. It is ſaid, that *Capri-*

cious, being at that moment in her *Chineſe* cloſets, made ſo many jumps and ſkips for joy, that ſhe broke to the amount of three millions in China-ware.

The day after the wedding, all the green ſpectacles diſappeared, and every eye was caſt down. None durſt raiſe them to *Regentina* or *Celeſtina*. The old waiting-gentlewoman having had a violent cholic in the night, excuſed herſelf from appearing at Court. The firſt phyſician threw fire and flame wherever he went; and the two fairies, aſtoniſhed at their own work, and aſhamed of what they had done, began to be uneaſy at the fine project they had conceived. Nothing was heard in the city, and at Court, during the whole day, but the following exclamation, Ah! *Phœnix!* pronounced in the moſt doleful accent.

The firſt thing that ſtruck *Regentina*, when ſhe recovered from the inſenſibility into which the lady's eloquence had thrown her, was the unheard of inattention to all decorum, in regard to the Landgrave *Toutrond*. This circumſtance, notwithſtanding the protection of the fairies, might be productive of the

moſt ſerious conſequences; and if *Capricious* had, without loſs of time, quitted her cloſets, appeared at the Court of *Toutrond*, and warmed his imagination, which, though a good kind of man, was none of the brighteſt, it would have been for the glory of *Celeſtina*, and the repoſe of *Regentina*. Happily, the old woman was in ſuch an ill-humour after breaking her China, which unluckily ſhe could not accuſe any one of; ſhe had beſide, ſo natural an averſion to the dull uniformity of the Landgrave's Court, that ſuch an excellent frolic did not preſent itſelf to her imagination. *Regentina*, without loſs of time, ſent a ſolemn ambaſſy to the Landgrave, to induce him to reſt ſatisfied with a marriage that had been raſhly contracted, without reflecting that his conſent was wanting to it.

This negotiation was of a more delicate nature than that to which the *Happy Iſland* ſtood indebted for the preſence of the fairies. The Ambaſſadors were charged with a great number of letters. *Colibri* wrote one to his Papa, in a ſtyle

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to which the good man was unaccuſtomed, and which he eſteemed as it deſerved. *Celeſtina* added another, in a very ſubmiſſive tone, which was looked upon as a maſter-piece of wit and addreſs. The two fairies wrote with their uſual eloquence. *Regentina*, with an admirable mixture of dignity, wiſdom, friendſhip, and politeneſs. The old waiting-gentlewoman wrote to the Maſter of the Ceremonies, with whom ſhe had formerly been acquainted and who had a great aſcendency over the mind of his Prince, notwithſtanding his averſion to every thing that tended toward ceremony. The firſt phyſician wrote to his brother phyſician, with whom he had ſtudied in an hoſpital belonging to the Landgrave, to exhort him to uſe narcotics and ſoporifics, on this important occaſion. They did not forget to furniſh the Ambaſſadors with magnificent preſents, among which was a bird-cage of curious workmanſhip, full of little birds, and particularly Colibries, which they knew the good man was paſſionately fond of.

Before the Ambaſſadors could arrive at the gates of his dwelling, he had read in the news-papers every particular re-

ſpecting the marriage of his ſon; he was even diverted with the impertinence of the editor, who probably, in a great ſcarcity of human follies, had married his ſon without his knowledge and conſent, with great pomp, only to fill his trumpery paper. In the height of this mirth, the Ambaſſadors from the *Happy Iſland* were announced. When the good Landgrave was aſcertained of the object of their Ambaſſy, he fell into ſo violent a paſſion, that it was the opinion of the moſt learned of the faculty, that he would have been ſtiffled on the ſpot, had he not given vent to it in the following terms: " I plainly ſee my blackguard of a ſon in this fine project; but what can that brute of a 'ſquire I ſent to eſcort him think of himſelf, who promiſed to forfeit his life, if he did not ſucceed in that country? I grant it was no great dependence; I ought to have diſtruſted a man who ſquints, and who never looked at any one in a ſtraight line. It was, however, that blackguard *Colibri*'s nurſe who ſaddled me with the beaſt; and who aſſured me of his experience and ſenſe.

After this, who would truſt their children to others? How are parents to be pitied! Could I leave the government, and run about to expoſe my blackguard ſon in the great world; if, by miracle, my late wife were alive again, on my honour, I ſhould not know where to hide my head."

During the firſt tranſports of his rage, no one preſumed to take the part of the Prince or his 'ſquire; but all remarked, that in the height of his fury, not one diſobliging word eſcaped him, either againſt *Regentina*, or the Princeſs his daughter-in-law; but the fairies were not ſpared. "My name is not *Toutrond*, exclaimed he, if I do not lampoon the old dotards in all the news-papers. It is well worth while to bear Prudence and Foreſight in their coats of arms, and under this pretence, to meddle in family affairs without being aſked to do it, only to be guilty of a thouſand miſchiefs. I will have their titles examined into by my Council; and I will loſe my Landgraviate's hat, if I do not take their arms from them, to teach them to make mat-

without the parents' conſent."----It is much to be lamented, that hiſtory has not handed down to us more than a few fragments of this ſublime diſcourſe, which muſt have been infinitely ſuperior to the fineſt of the *Philippics*, or the Orations of *Cataline*, from the familiar expreſſions with which the good man larded his harangue.

The violence of his firſt tranſports, and this ſudden evaporation, led the Ambaſſadors to foreſee the turn their negotiation would take. In a few days matters were accommodated in a ſingular manner. Every thing was forgotten, forgiven, approved, and ratified, to the content of the Ambaſſadors.

Toutrond was immoveable only in one point. He would not hear of the ſucceſſion to the *Happy Iſland*. He inſiſted that his ſon, inſtead of playing the fool at the Court of *Regentina*, ſhould come with the Princeſs, his wife, to him, that the finiſhing ſtroke might be put to his education, which was very much wanting; and that he would be contented with the inheritance of the Landgravate. It was only on this condition that he could

be prevailed on to acknowledge the validity of the marriage.

This criſis of time was variouſly filled up at the Court of *Regentina*; when one morning, as *Renet* was walking in a retired part of her mother's gardens, with her Lady in waiting, daughter to the old waiting gentlewoman, they heard people talking ſomewhat loud in a neighbouring arbour. Like a well bred young lady, ſhe was going away in haſte; but the lady ſuddenly ſtopped her: What is your Royal Highneſs about? ſaid ſhe, in a whiſper; my Mamma has told me, never to miſs an opportunity of liſtening at doors whenever it offered; and that it was a method of learning many things, which it would be impoſſible to know in any other way. Now, if it be right to liſten at a door when ſhut, it can be no harm at all to do ſo at an open arbour. The Princeſs was not convinced of the rectitude of theſe principles; but the lady continued, Go where you pleaſe, for my part, I ſhall ſtay; and *Renet*, not thinking it conſiſtent with the rules of decorum to return alone, was obliged to ſtay, againſt her inclination, and liſten to what paſſed in the arbour.

The Prince *Three Stars* was converſing familiarly with the companion of his travels, on the events that had lately happened. The conduct of the fairies appeared to him very extraordinary. On what foundation do theſe ladies build their high reputation? ſaid the Prince. Ah! my Prince! replied his companion, you will ſee, in the courſe of your travels, more wonderful things. They then extolled the qualifications of *Celeſtina*; But of what uſe is wit or beauty, if they are to be beſtowed on a *Colibri*. Theſe reflections naturally led them to talk of *Renet*, who was not uſually an object of any one's attention. She would not have made ſo uncouth a choice; ſhe would have known the value of the conqueſt of ſuch a man as *Phœnix*, ſaid the Prince. Or of yourſelf, interrupted his companion, had her modeſty permitted her to have diſcovered it. A total ſilence ſucceeded. At length, the Prince reſumed; Since you have penetrated the ſecret of my ſoul, it is uſeleſs, my dear friend, to conceal it from you. Yes, I love *Renet*; but I muſt acknowledge my

own unworthineſs; I am too inconſiderable to deſerve her notice. Though ſhe be the youngeſt, ſhe muſt have formed the more exalted hopes; as the choice of her ſiſter muſt certainly have thwarted thoſe of her mother.

The Prince had not yet finiſhed ſpeaking, before the lady who attended *Renet* began to run, with all her power, toward the Palace, and *Renet* to trot after her, making more reflections in one moment, than ſhe had ever done before in a day, notwithſtanding her mind naturally was turned for reflection. Before ſhe arrived at the Palace, ſhe diſcovered in Prince *Three Stars* an infinity of amiable, intereſting, and ſolid virtues, that ſhe never had obſerved before. The lady, her companion, went in great haſte to her mother, to communicate the diſcovery ſhe had made. The old waiting gentlewoman did not loſe a moment without acquainting the two fairies with the news, who ſeized, with the enthuſiaſm that uſually ſucceeded their lucid intervals, began to cry out like mad women, *Through the green! The Oracle is accompliſhed! Through*

the green! They were delighted to find an opportunity of repairing their folly in regard to the firſt wedding. Their eloquence was a third time excited, and produced the uſual effect in *Regentina.* This moſt prudent affair was planned, conducted, and concluded, in the ſame manner as the moſt fooliſh one had been, except, that *Capricious* was remarked to be in a moſt diabolical ill humour.

EMILY.

Ah! Mamma!

MOTHER.

What is the matter?

EMILY.

We are arrived, and the ſtory is not finiſhed by a great deal.

MOTHER.

Well, you will not loſe any part of it; you may finiſh it another time. Let us get out of the coach, and in the firſt place, go and ſee whether the kitchen garden be in good order. That will employ us till dinner-time.

EMILY.

See, Mamma, how glad all the people, and the animals too, are to ſee you! How do you do *Marianne?*---How do

you all do, my good friends?---How does good old *Noël?*---Ah! art thou there my little *Placid!*---Mamma, *Jowler* knows me again, We ſhall make you a viſit after dinner *Marianne.*---We will viſit the court-yard as if we lived here. Did they not tell us, Mamma, that we ſhould find old *Lahaie* and his ſon in the kitchen-garden?

MOTHER.

Let us go and ſee---I do not aſk you how you like the fairy tale; I ſaw it made you laugh.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, it is very droll; yet I thought it rather tedious here and there. But perhaps there may be ſome things I do not underſtand.

MOTHER.

Very likely.

EMILY.

However, I have a great curioſity to know how it will all end.

MOTHER.

You will know that to-morrow, or the firſt vacant moment we can find.

EMILY.

Now, my dear good Mamma, do tell it me in a few words, that I may not have all theſe people on my hands, while we are going to the court-yard, the farm, and the laundry. You have read it; you know all about it.

MOTHER.

But that would be depriving you of an agreeable ſurpriſe to no end.

EMILY.

Oh! that is nothing! They are droll creatures; they will divert me at any time. Beſide, you know, Mamma, that *Andromache* and *Merope* made me cry, though I had read them very often, and knew the fineſt paſſages in them by heart.

MOTHER.

Were I diſpoſed to oblige you, it is not in my power. I acknowledge to you, that I have read the ſtory but ſuperficially; I have no great deſire to be connected with ſuch kind of perſonages. You know alſo, that I have no memory; and I ſhould probably give you but a bad account.

EMILY.

Try, however, my dear Mamma, to let me know the *denouement*. *

MOTHER.

The *denouement?* I am not ſure the author meant there ſhould be one. But no matter, let us ſee whether we can ſatisfy you. Give me the pamphlet, that I may refreſh my memory, if I ſhould be at a loſs. We left off rather abruptly at the marriage of the Princeſſes, though the recital is far from being ſo. The two fairies were diſmiſſed, and their departure was productive of one good end, which was, that *Capricious* no longer kept thoſe cloſet windows open that looked toward the *Happy Iſland*; and that *Regentina*, and her daughters, ceaſed to be the ſole objects of her attention. To appeaſe the Landgrave *Toutrond*, it was needful that *Celeſtina* ſhould break her vow, and conduct her fop of a huſband to his father's feet. *Regentina* thought it her duty to accompany her daughter, to prevent any new altercations. She confided the regency of her dominions

* The concluſion of the plot.

to her youngeſt daughter, or rather to her huſband, the Prince *Three Stars*. In the mean time, the beautiful *Phœnix* was in ſearch of danger, wiſhing to put an end to his paſſion with his life; and wherever he appeared incognito, he met with admiration and applauſe. No ſooner did his uncle *Songecreux* hear of the contempt with which *Celeſtina* had treated his nephew, the beautiful *Phœnix*, than he began to talk, which he had not done for eighteen months: but every time he ſpoke, ſomething remarkable happened, which would have ſometimes been better omitted. There was at his Court an old corſair, who had retired thither through devotion, and to make what is called a good end, after having ploughed the ocean between thirty and forty years, and plundered friends and foes without diſtinction. He related his adventures to amuſe *Songecreux*, while he meditated on other matters. This pirate perſuaded him to revenge the affront that had been offered to his nephew, and thereby realize thoſe crude and vindictive deſigns, which but for him would have never been put into execution. On a ſudden the *Happy Iſland* was invaded and conquered; the

corſair ſecured the perſon of *Renet* and her huſband, put them on board a veſſel, and ſent them to *Songecreux*, who ſhut them up in a tower near a ſmall pavillion, in which he lived, that he might have them in his eye. The corſair named himſelf the Viceroy of *Songecreux* in the *Happy Iſland*; and converted it into a moſt unhappy one.

As ſoon as theſe unfortunate events were known at the Court of *Toutrond*, *Colibri* made his eſcape, like a giddy brain as he was, to the Court of *Songecreux*, with a deſign to kill him, and ſet his ſiſter-in-law and her huſband at liberty. On his arrival, he made ſo many turnings and windings around the tower in which *Renet* was confined, and the pavillion of *Songecreux*, that a game-keeper, miſtaking him for a ſquirrel, ſhot him with ſingular addreſs. Being dead, they were more perplexed what to do with him than when he was alive. The moſt celebrated among the literati, as well as the moſt profound philoſophers, were at a loſs. At length it was concluded, that he ſhould be preſerved in ſpirits of wine; and a foundation eſtabliſhed for a prize in the Academy of *Songecreux*, to be

beſtowed on him who ſhould beſt define the ſpecies of this error in nature; for ſo this unhappy Prince was termed in their notices. *Songecreux*, who troubled his head neither with his game-keepers nor his Academy, was ignorant of all that paſſed, and did not even ſuſpect, that the preſumptive heir to the Landgraviate had been killed at his door like a ſquirrel.

EMILY.

Oh! how do you do, good old *Lahaie?* I am glad to ſee you again in good health. We were far from thinking of you at this moment; but have patience, we will be with you preſently; we ſhall have time enough, I hope.

MOTHER.

While *Toutrond* was lamenting the flight of his ſon, well convinced that he was gone only to perform ſome ridiculous exploits, that would make a noiſe, and was far from ſuſpecting he had performed them all, *Phœnix* hears (in the *Ruſſian* army, into which he had entered, to ſeek death in combatting the Infidels) of the enterpriſe of his uncle. He aſks his General for a body of *Coſacques* for a *coup de main*; arrives, as quick as lightning at the *Happy Iſland*; makes the troops

of his uncle priſoners of war, in a ſkirmiſh, while one of his *Coſacques* kills the old corſair, who called himſelf Viceroy. This expedition being accompliſhed, he flew to his uncle's feet, fully ſatisfied the ſlighteſt remembrance on his part, would be ſufficient to induce him to repent of his unjuſt enterpriſe. While the *Coſacques* ſurrounded the tower, with a view to ſet the Prince *Three Stars* and *Renet* at liberty, *Phœnix* approached the pavillion of his uncle. The officer of the body-guards tells him, that *Songecreux* had given orders, that no one ſhould enter his preſence till he rang his bell; and that he had not rung it ſince the death of a certain ſquirrel, which happened ſix weeks before. He had never yet thought or reflected alone, for ſuch a length of time. His longeſt retirements had not exceeded a fortnight, without at leaſt ſhewing himſelf at the window, to ſee the guard relieved.

The beautiful *Phœnix* takes upon him to enter, notwithſtanding the orders of his uncle. His ſurpriſe was extreme, not at finding his uncle without motion,

for that was common to him, but without the power to move.

EMILY.

How ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

He was dead; and it was ſeen by the date of the letter he had begun to write to his nephew, that he had been dead ſix weeks; that is, from the very day on which *Colibri* was killed at his door, in the character of a ſquirrel. It was imagined, he died of an apoplexy occaſioned by the report of a gun. Thus the author might have eaſily concluded his ſtory here.

EMILY.

How ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

He has made *Celeſtina* a widow, and excuſed *Phœnix* from negotiating the reſtitution of the *Happy Iſland* to the lawful poſſeſſors.

EMILY.

Oh! I underſtand you; *Phœnix* ſucceeded the melancholy *Songecreux*. He need not now aſk his advice. I dare ſay he will marry *Celeſtina*.

MOTHER.

He was ſatisfied to be in regard to her,

the moſt generous, the moſt magnanimous, the moſt delicate of lovers. His firſt cares were devoted to *Renet* and her huſband. *Phœnix* had the precaution to bring with him, after the retaking of the *Happy Iſland*, the firſt phyſician; that he might attend the Princeſs *Renet* when ſhe quitted her captivity. He never mentioned the name of *Celeſtina* to her, but *Renet* never failed to mention him with the more reſpect and affection in her letters to her mother and ſiſter. Misfortune had repaired, in a ſhort time, all the folly of the fairies, and the ravages of proſperity; and rendered the mother and the twin ſiſters perfect beings.

Renet did not want the aſſiſtance of the firſt phyſician to reſtore her health; but, as he was one day ſtrolling careleſsly about the Academy, he there diſcovered the figure of Prince *Colibri* in a bottle of ſpirits of wine. This diſcovery entitled him to the prize in an unexpected manner. It alſo convinced *Toutrond* of the unhappy end of his ſon; and he was thereby relieved; becauſe the certainty of an evil is preferable to uncertainty. Beſide, as the Landgrave was a man of

good natural ſenſe, he, ſenſible that ſuch a ſon could not afford him any ſatisfaction; and that ſuch a blackguard was an improper huſband for the accompliſhed *Celeſtina*. Every thing conſidered, he cried, *Heaven be praiſed, there is now a fooliſh ſon the leſs in the world.* He only deſired to have the bottle in which he was preſerved; and the Academy thought it their duty to ſend it to him, wrapped up in a ſonnet compoſed on the glorious death of Prince *Colibri*---

EMILY.

And the wedding?

MOTHER.

Toutrond again broke the ice. *Celeſtina*, who had injured ſo many eyes by the ſplendor of her beauty, could not even think of *Phœnix* without caſting down her own. As more delicacy and magnanimity were apparent in the conduct of the Prince, the more was the moſt charming Princeſs in the world confuſed and vanquiſhed. Her paſſion become more violent by the efforts ſhe made to ſubdue it, ſuffered her to perceive a poſſibility of being united to the Prince, whoſe ſuperiority greatly humbled

her in her own opinion. *Toutrond* removed every difficulty. He begged the Prince to come and receive from his hand, the beſt and only reward worthy his acceptance. The wedding was celebrated at the Court of the Landgrave, who was delighted with the *Coſacques Phœnix* had brought with him. He would not ſuffer them to return to their own country, till the rejoicings were over; and then loaded them with honours and rewards. *Phœnix* entruſted their Chief with a *cameo* of *Minerva Victrix*, of *Grecian* workmanſhip, which he intended as a preſent to the Empreſs, as a mark of his gratitude for the protection ſhe had afforded him.

EMILY.

So then the ſtory is now ended.

MOTHER.

But for the fairies?

EMILY.

What, are they coming again to ſpoil all?

MOTHER.

They would not certainly fail at a wedding-feaſt of ſuch importance. The Landgrave, who liked them no better than you do, had made an excuſe for not

inviting them, under a pretence, that he could not accommodate them ſuitably to their rank; but, in a trice, they added two wings to the caſtle. He therefore permitted their viſit as a neceſſary evil; but to enrage them, he invited *Capricious* in the greateſt form, and lodged her in the beſt apartments, though the other ladies had been obliged, in a manner, to furniſh the expence of their own lodging.

EMILY.

Mamma, we ſhall never get through this ſtory. Matters are more perplexed than ever.

MOTHER.

Not at all. The two old ladies aſhamed of their paſt follies, durſt not open their lips. *Capricious*, vain of ſhining without a rival, conceived an excellent, though rather ſingular idea. She propoſed a double marriage between *Phœnix* and *Celeſtina*, *Toutrond* and *Regentina*. The latter was ſtill of an age to pleaſe. *Toutrond*, was ſeized with tranſport at this extraordinary propoſal, ſaying, that in the decline of life, he only began

to live. *Capricious* beſtowed on the firſt phyſician the commiſſion of Counſellor of State, apparently in honor of this wedding; but in fact, from averſion to the other two fairies. She alſo freed *Regentina* from the old waiting woman, whom ſhe took into her own ſervice in the ſame capacity, that ſhe might torment her whenever ſhe liked.

Toutrond and *Regentina* governed the Landgraviate many years, with great glory.

That nothing might be wanting to complete the ſatisfaction of the good man; he had, by this ſecond marriage, a ſon worthy of his mother; that is to ſay, juſt the reverſe of *Colibri*; and it was obſerved, that *Regentina*, while educating her ſon, brought about a change in the character of the father, conſiderably to his advantage; and alſo, that his tone of voice was totally altered.

Phœnix and *Celeſtina*, more enraptured with each other, from the miſery they had experienced, reigned over the dominions of *Songecreux*. The Prince *Three Stars* and *Renet* governed the *Happy Iſland*. Then was ſeen what has never ſince happened but once, three conſider-

able States, well governed at the ſame time, though neither of the great perſonages had kept their vows.

EMILY.

I did not expect the marriage of *Regentina*---Well, Mamma! it is a very pretty ſtory.

MOTHER.

It may be ſo. But I have not been the leſs blamable on that account, for ſuffering you to read it.

EMILY.

Why ſo?

MOTHER.

Becauſe there is a number of deſcriptions, pleaſantries, and alluſions, above your comprehenſion, of which you can neither perceive the merit, nor the defects.

EMILY.

Well! I ſhall find them out when I am older.

MOTHER.

That is ſome excuſe for me, and your perſecuting me to read you a fairy tale, is a juſtification alſo.

EMILY.

But no one accuſes you, Mamma.

MOTHER.

I ſhould prefer your reading what you may think ſuperior in this kind, when you ſhall be older, than ſuch as would appear inſipid to you in future.

EMILY.

I promiſe you, Mamma, that, take it all together, the ſtory has amuſed me; but what is your opinion of it?

MOTHER.

I am of opinion, that the author is as ſingular a character as thoſe he draws; that he wrote it in an idle moment, without any other deſign than his own amuſement, or paſtime; and without troubling himſelf, whither his wandering pen or imagination ſhould carry him. Conſequently, he has given ſcope to every folly and extravagance that preſented itſelf to his imagination. I do not find much invention in his ſtory, but numberleſs alluſions to our defects, to the forms of ſociety, and to the follies of the times. Every event or incident was equally uſeful to him, if it furniſhed matter for ridicule. In that reſpect, his tale is like all other fairy tales,

which are ſeldom the pictures of real life, but ſketches of temporary cuſtoms or local follies; but cuſtoms alter, and follies paſs away, as well as fairy tales. This is much too long, and the ſtyle appears to me to be too familiar in more than one inſtance.

EMILY.

Eſpecially, Mamma, in his want of reſpect to the fairies, he ought to be reprimanded. *Prudence* and *Foreſight* never conducted themſelves in ſo abſurd a manner.

MOTHER.

I ſuſpect his motive for that, and ſeveral other particulars, was to ridicule his brother authors, who frequently adorn their heroes with fine names, and deſcribe them as fine characters, without being able to repreſent them ſuch as they would wiſh us to imagine them.

EMILY.

Well! that is what I never ſhould have gueſſed of my own accord.

MOTHER.

There are ſo many abſurdities of that

nature, that I am ſurpriſed the ſtory ſhould have amuſed you.

EMILY.

Come, Mamma. Dinner is ready. They are coming to call us.

MOTHER.

Thank Heaven! we ſhall hear no more of fairies, nor of the Princes and Princeſſes their acquaintance; for you recollect our agreement.

EMILY.

Truly, Mamma, it would be well worth while to talk of ſuch nonſenſe, when we have ſo many things of conſequence to ſettle.

MOTHER.

Indeed we ſhall not have too much time.

EMILY.

We ſhall hardly have enough to eat our dinner, Mamma. In the firſt place, as ſoon as we have drunk our coffee, we muſt pay our duty to *Maryanne*, and her poultry, and all company in the court-yard.

MOTHER.

Properly called the poultry-yard.

EMILY.

Then we muſt viſit the dairy. Then to the dove-houſe, then to the laundry,

to ſee whether every thing be well waſhed, folded up, and put away in the preſſes, againſt next ſummer. Then we muſt go into the village to ſee good Mrs. *Gillet*, who is always ill. Then we muſt make a viſit to the mill, to know whether father and mother be ſorry they have inoculated the children, according to your advice, then to the farm, where, perhaps, they will make us a ſyllabub. Then return to the kitchen garden, the fairy having prevented us this morning from paying our duty there. Then before we ſet out, give a look over the houſe, nay, into the very kitchen, to ſee whether every thing be as it ſhould be---

MOTHER.

What a catalogue of cares and occupations! Do you know that I ſhould be fatigued in imagination, and apprehend my own ſtrength, were I not well acquainted with the extent of our domains?

EMILY.

Why, yes; you will ſay it is but a ſtep from one place to another; but for all that we ſhall have enough to employ us, and fatigue us too.---Oh! Mamma, why did you not ſend and invite the Curate to dine with us? You like him. He is a good man.

MOTHER.

Suppoſe you ſhould find him in the dining-parlour.

EMILY.

I ſhould be very happy. But you did not ſend to him.

MOTHER.

Then you ſuppoſe, that while *Emily* is playing with her lamb, and making her courteſy to the great dog in the poultry-yard, her mother is thinking of nothing.

EMILY.

Oh! no!---Do you remember the riddle he gave me to find out the day we left the country?

MOTHER.

Really I do not.

EMILY.

I was to have told him, what was the ſtrongeſt and the weakeſt thing in nature?

MOTHER.

And what was it?

EMILY.

A child.

MOTHER.

Its weakneſs I can eaſily conceive; but as to its ſtrength---

EMILY.

The Curate ſaid, that it carried all

the ſtrength of its whole life under its ſwaddling cloaths.

MOTHER.

I do not recollect it, neither do I diſpute it. It is certain, that the Empreſs of *Ruſſia*, and the King of *Pruſſia*, were both lulled to ſleep like *Emily*.

EMILY.

What, Mamma! do you not remember it? And you ſaid, in that caſe, education conſiſted in placing the good on the ſtrong ſide, and the evil on the weak one; to add every day ſomething to the one, and to leſſen the other, that in time, it might entirely diſappear.

MOTHER.

Did I ſay ſo?

EMILY.

Yes, Mamma. I never forget what you ſay.

MOTHER.

Would it were as eaſy to do as to ſay.

EMILY.

Mamma, there is the Curate coming to meet us. I muſt run and welcome him from you.

FIFTEENTH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

(Talking to her doll, which she is dressing, while her mother is at work at her frame.)

I CANNOT help telling you, Miss, that I am *outrée* * to see you in this mortifying condition. You look frightfully in that cap; and I am quite in despair when I see you so horridly dressed. But let me alone, Miss, I may be one day twelve or fourteen years old, and then perhaps, I may, for once, have a crown piece to do what I will with, and then we will go and make acquaintance with Miss *Bertin*; we shall have caps and hats, and feathers, and pearls, and necklaces, and mirzas for your ears, and watch-strings, and sashes;

* The Translator was obliged to make use of the *French* word *outrée*, the meaning of which will be explained a little further.

and every body will be in an ecſtaſy with our taſte, and elegance. It is very hard that we are now too poor to buy neceſſaries for you.

MOTHER.

If thoſe be neceſſaries, I am as much to be pitied as Miſs; for I have none of them.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, I know too well how much you are to be pitied. Your bad ſtate of health prevents you from enjoying any thing of that kind; but if you were to go into company, you muſt own you could not do without them.

MOTHER.

I own to you, my love, that I have never regretted the loſs of health on account of thoſe privations till now, that you put me in mind of it. It is very hard as you juſtly ſay, not to have health or riches enough to ruin oneſelf in flowers and feathers---

EMILY.

You ſmile, Mamma; is it to make ſport of me?

MOTHER.

The ſtate of my health leaves me even without hope in that reſpect; whereas, Miſs will be at the height of her riches, when you ſhall be in poſſeſſion of the capital of five ſhillings in bank.

EMILY.

Perhaps I may have bought more things with my capital than it will pay for. What do you ſay to it, Mamma?

MOTHER.

You muſt conſult Miſs *Bertin*; ſhe is a better judge of thoſe matters than I. I can only remark, that it is ſcarcely poſſible to make a more reſpectable uſe of money than to ſpend it in feathers and trumpery.

EMILY.

Come, Mamma, you are in one of your jeering humours to-day; you are mocking me, I ſee that. But, however, I mean only to ſpend what you are ſo good as to give me for my pocket-money; that is, when I ſhall be older, and when you will give me a little more, that Miſs may be better dreſſed.

MOTHER.

That every body may be in an ecſtaſy at her elegance, and the taſte of her waiting-gentlewoman.

EMILY.

Yes, I ſay in an ecſtaſy. What a ſtreſs you lay on that word! Did I not hear you ſay the other day, when Mrs. *Montbrillant* was gone, how well that woman dreſſes! What taſte ſhe diſplays in every thing ſhe wears! frequently in the moſt trifling ornament. What unſtudied elegance! It is difficult to diſcover on what it depends. It is true every thing becomes her moſt enchantingly---I do not remember to whom you ſaid all this, but you ſaid it. Do you not call that being in an ecſtaſy, Mamma?

MOTHER.

I ſee you have a prodigious memory; but are you ſure it was I who ſaid all this? As you are naturally a great obſerver, you muſt have remarked, that I do not make uſe of exclamations. I think alſo, that I am very elegant to have launched out with ſuch elegance on a lady's dreſs.

EMILY.

If *you* did not ſay it, ſomebody ſaid it to you perhaps. But it was ſaid. I poſitively heard it.---Is not that being in an ecſtaſy, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Come, I ſee I muſt take this upon myſelf. Ecſtaſy in this ſenſe is the higheſt degree of admiration, beyond which it is impoſſible for the imagination to ſoar. A perſon is ſaid to be in an ecſtaſy, when ſo abſorbed by any object, that every other, though equally preſent, makes no impreſſion. Thus, bodily pain frequently produces no effect on perſons in an ecſtaſy.

EMILY.

How ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

They have been ſeen to wound and burn themſelves without feeling it.

EMILY.

Is it poſſible! Mamma?

MOTHER.

Did you really ſee me in ſo violent and alarming a ſituation on account of the dreſs of Mrs. *Montbrillant?*

EMILY.

Not exactly.

MOTHER.

It is at leaſt your intention to put all the world in an ecſtaſy by the dreſs of your doll, or, to ſpeak in more ſuitable language, by the extreme elegance of Miſs.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, it is a way of talking; every body ſays ſo. You ſhould not examine things ſo nearly.

MOTHER.

I am ſatisfied. I muſt tell you, that your diſcourſe to Miſs alarmed me. I ſaw you *outrée*, and in deſpair. I ſaw Miſs, on her part, and horrible, and dreadful, and all on account of her head-dreſs. You are, no doubt, ſenſible of the force of thoſe expreſſions.

EMILY.

Why, yes. I believe I do nearly underſtand them.

MOTHER.

Then you muſt know, that by the words *dreadful* and *frightful*, we mean whatever inſpires terror, or affright; that is,

the extreme of terror, or what is the moſt terrible of all things. You, who ſecretly ſtudy mythology, are perhaps acquainted with the *Furies*.

EMILY.

Yes to be ſure, Mamma. They are three infernal deities, whoſe employment it is to torment the wicked, and exerciſe the vengeance of the gods upon great criminals.

MOTHER.

They were hideous enough to inſpire terror.

EMILY

Yes, when they tormented poor *Oreſtes*.

MOTHER.

Do you know how they were dreſſed about the head?

EMILY.

They were armed with flaming torches, and their heads adorned with adders.

MOTHER.

It is now to be determined, whether your doll have the appearance of a fourth *Fury*, becauſe her cap was not bought at Miſs *Bertin*'s.

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, it is your intention to make me ridiculous.

MOTHER.

As one *outrée*, you may be a little ſo perhaps. For, to profeſs oneſelf *outrée*, means that one is wound up to the higheſt pitch of indignation, in ſuch a manner, that half a turn more, and the machine *outrée* is torn into pieces; and for what? For a cap, for a toy which is not to one's liking. I muſt tell you, there are falſe wits in the world, to whoſe ſhafts ſuch a violent ſituation would expoſe you; but I flatter myſelf your deſpair would reſtrain them. That is beyond a jeſt. Deſpair is the privation of hope. Now all moraliſts agree, that without Hope, that daughter of heaven, man would not, for a moment, cheriſh the deſire of preſerving his miſerable exiſtence. Therefore, when you ſay you are in deſpair, I cannot but tremble for your life.

EMILY.

Which is as much as to ſay, I have talked like a fool, is it not?

MOTHER.

Apply rather to your doll.

EMILY.

She makes a ſign not very favourable to me?

MOTHER.

Which proves her to be a perſon of good ſenſe.

EMILY.

What is good ſenſe.

MOTHER.

Methinks, a perſon of good ſenſe firſt eſtabliſhes an exact relation between the object and the ideas conceived of it; and, ſecondly, an exact relation between the ideas, and the words which he uſes to expreſs them.

EMILY.

And that is very pleaſing, is it not?

MOTHER.

If you employ great words to expreſs trifling things; if you make uſe of ſtrong expreſſions to point weak or common ſentiments, you deſtroy this double relation, and then there can no longer be either connection or preciſion in your diſcourſe; and you will acquire the reputation of being a perſon of a falſe, ſuperficial, or frivolous underſtanding, who

talks like a parrot, without affixing either ſenſe or ſentiment to what you ſay.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, what you ſay deſerves attention.

MOTHER.

Therefore, had Miſs, who is a perſon of good ſenſe, been in your place, ſhe would have ſimply ſaid, "I am very ſorry to ſee you in this condition. Your ward-robe is greatly out of repair, and your dreſs is ſomewhat like the laſt year's almanack; but if ever I ſhould have a little money out of my ſavings, to employ on trifles, they ſhall ſee that we have taſte, and that we know how to dreſs in a decent and ſuitable manner. In the mean time, it is vexatious, that we have not wherewith to gratify this whim."

EMILY.

I grant it would have been ſpeaking more plainly; but do you think it would have been ſo ſtriking?

MOTHER.

Sufficiently ſo. I do not uſually hear any thing very ſtriking in your converſations with your doll.

EMILY.

Between you and me, I wiſhed to be in the mode, and to talk like a fine lady, who keeps good company; and I thought I had done wonders.

MOTHER.

Between you and me, I a little ſuſpected that *Emily* was making an ape of herſelf, and bringing together in a moment more hard words, than we ſhall have occaſion to make uſe of in a twelve-month.

EMILY.

You ſay, Mamma, that children are naturally like apes. Therefore you cannot reproach me with that.

MOTHER.

Very likely. But there are two ſorts of apes.

EMILY.

Thoſe I have ſeen are all of the ſame colour.

MOTHER.

Granted, as to their colour; but as to their judgment, one ape may be falſe and another true.

EMILY.

Does it go ſo far as that with apes?

And pray how does the ſenſible ape behave?

MOTHER.

He imitates only what is good, reaſonable, and fit to be imitated; whereas the other adopts without reflection, right or wrong every folly, every extravagance which he ſees another commit, only becauſe he thinks it faſhionable.

EMILY.

Children would do well, I ſuppoſe, to imitate the ſenſible ape.

MOTHER.

I have known children not deficient in diſcernment, who could readily diſcover what was either unbecoming, miſapplied, or abſolutely wrong, and paſs a juſt judgment accordingly; and yet, in a day or two afterward, from an inconſiſtency, difficult to account for, imitate exactly what I had heard them ſo judiciouſly diſapprove.

EMILY.

Do I know any ſuch children?

MOTHER.

I aſk you that queſtion?

EMILY.

If I ſhould meet with them, I will adviſe them not to be ſo inconſiſtent.

MOTHER.

If they be diſcreet, they will thank you for your advice.

EMILY.

I fancy, Mamma, that the deſire of being in the faſhion is very hurtful to children.

MOTHER.

I think with you, that it miſleads them frequently. But children of good underſtandings can reſiſt this dangerous temptation.

EMILY.

That is becauſe they ſee the danger, is it not?

MOTHER.

Not only the danger, but the inſipidity and meanneſs of it alſo.

EMILY.

And you do not like meanneſs, I know.

MOTHER.

I aſſure you it is my averſion.

EMILY.

Yet you muſt allow thoſe expreſſions you condemn are very faſhionable.

MOTHER.

I grant I hear them oftner than I like; but that does not render them more agreeable to me.

EMILY.

I am ſorry for it, Mamma, for it is what you call *bon ton*. Only aſk thoſe ladies who go into company?

MOTHER.

Bon ton can be only the attribute of a juſt and delicate mind.

EMILY.

What do you mean by attribute?

MOTHER.

Or, if you will, the property.

EMILY.

That is, what is proper or belongs to it.

MOTHER.

Or, one of the marks by which it is known. Therefore *bon ton* cannot conſiſt in miſapplied exaggeration.

EMILY.

Oh! you call that exaggeration, do you?

MOTHER.

Good ſenſe will term it ſo. And ex-

aggeration produces an effect preciſely oppoſite to what was intended.

EMILY.

How ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Becauſe the intention of exaggeration is to ſtrengthen, by powerful expreſſions what is advanced, and its effect weakens it.

EMILY.

Then it is labour in vain.

MOTHER.

If it produce an effect contrary to what we expect, it is not only loſt labour, but very injurious alſo. You ſpeak to perſuade others that what you ſay is your opinion. The moſt eſſential characteriſtic of every diſcouſe is truth. Now, exaggerated expreſſions rob it of this eſſential characteriſtic, and raiſe ſuſpicions, either that you do not think as you ſpeak, or that you think improperly; becauſe there is no exact affinity between your ideas and your expreſſions.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, if you judge ſo ſeverely, I aſſure you, that you may ſpend your whole life in condemning every thing that is ſaid.

MOTHER.

It is not I; it is good taſte that condemns it.

EMILY.

Oh! is it only matter of taſte?

MOTHER.

In this ſenſe, a matter of taſte is a matter of ſome importance, in my mind.

EMILY.

At leaſt a little exaggeration is not lying?

MOTHER.

No, it is not baſe, it is only fooliſh, and gives a mean opinion of one's ſentiment, judgment, and even of one's diſpoſition. The uſual commerce of life demands, indeed, freedom without preciſeneſs. It would be ridiculous to expect formal and regular diſcourſes, and to look on an ill adapted expreſſion in the hurry of converſation, as a crime; but a frequent repetition of overſtrained epithets, proves a vitiated taſte, and is a deſpicable fault. The diſcourſes of a rattler, who is accuſtomed to exaggerate, paſs only for ſounds void of ſenſe,

generally troubleſome, and ſeldom honoured with the attention of ſenſible people.

EMILY.

So then, my dear Mamma, good-bye to all the hard words; you have driven them without mercy, from converſation. One ſhall make but a poor figure in the great world without them.

MOTHER.

Methinks one always appears rich enough, when one behaves according as the circumſtance requires. In the great world, that is, in common life, and peaceful ſociety, opportunities ſeldom occur of making a proper uſe of hard words.---You may, by chance, recollect one of our walks this ſummer?

EMILY.

Which of them, Mamma?

MOTHER.

To the village of *St. Gratien.*

EMILY.

Yes! I remember it very well---To the houſe of Mr. *Catinat*---We returned on foot.

MOTHER.

That was not the only circumſtance that made it remarkable.

EMILY.

You related to me the ſecret hiſtory of Mr. *Catinat*. I remember it was very intereſting.

MOTHER.

I muſt ſay, that neither your doll, nor your ſounding phraſes, brought to my remembrance a hero particularly celebrated for his philoſophical ſimplicity. But I was thinking of our adventures on leaving *St. Gratien*.

EMILY.

Oh! I know! I know! It was a ſweet evening! You ſaid to me, *Emily*, let us go from the village through this lane. We ſhall then come to a little path, which will lead us into the road. It is a ſolitary walk, but a very pleaſing one. I replied, come then, Mamma. At the very end of the village, at a little diſtance, we ſaw a cottage. A young woman ſtood at the door. You ſaid to me, *Emily*, ſee how tall and well made that woman is! though ſhe had no ſhoes to her feet; and looked to be very poor.

MOTHER.

And you may add, ſhe looked very majeſtic.

EMILY.

So ſhe did, Mamma. I ſee her ſtill; ſhe was leaning, with her arms folded, againſt the door; ſhe looked very dejected.

MOTHER.

Add alſo, that her dejection did not leſſen her majeſtic air.

EMILY.

True, Mamma. I never thought of offering her money.

MOTHER.

Neither did I.

EMILY.

You ſaid it was a figure like the arch-angel *Raphael.*

MOTHER.

I might ſay, it was a figure in the ſtyle of *Raphael*, who had no further affinity with the Arch-angel, than the name his father gave him in baptiſm; and was a painter who lived at *Rome*, more than two hundred years ſince. He was, by nature, endowed with ſo great a genius painting, and poſſeſſed ſuch ſublime

talents, that his pictures have been, and ſtill are, the admiration of all who are poſſeſſed of ſentiment and ſkill ſufficient to appreciate his maſter-pieces. He may be called the divine *Raphael*, without incurring the cenſure of exaggeration. As he gave to all his figures inimitable dignity and grace, thoſe tall, majeſtic, and ſlender figures, have been ſince called, Figures in *Raphael*'s ſtyle; and the woman at *St. Gratien* brought to my mind one of his figures, notwithſtanding her rags.

EMILY.

And ſo I made a jumble of all that, and confounded your divine *Raphael* with the Arch-angel; the *Mentor* of young *Tobias*, you know, Mamma.

MOTHER.

You have made uſe of your privilege of a rattle, and now take the ſame liberty, by turning an Arch-angel of the Old Teſtament into a *Minerva*, that is, a Pagan goddeſs, of whom our divine *Fenelon*, for he alſo deſerves that epithet, has made the *Mentor* of *Telemachus*, ſon of *Ulyſſes*; but at your age, there is no

great harm in that---As to the beautiful woman, ſhe was not alone, I think?

EMILY.

No indeed. There were three little children almoſt naked, playing before the door: you aſked her: *Good woman, are theſe your children?* She replied, very gravely, *Yes, Madam, and they have no father.* And you ſaid: *You have, no doubt, loſt your huſband?* She replied, *Theſe three months; juſt before the harveſt.* She ſpoke it in a tone that gave me pain.

MOTHER.

I too was affected; yet ſhe did not weep.

EMILY.

But I could hardly help crying.

MOTHER.

Neither could I.

EMILY.

Then you ſaid to her: *The fair will be to-morrow in the village. I think you will want ſome linen to make up for your children.*

MOTHER.

Well! what do you think of this converſation?

EMILY.

I think you were very charitable, and did very right.

MOTHER.

I am not talking of myſelf; I ſpeak of the beautiful woman with folded arms.

EMILY.

I aſſure you, ſhe greatly affected me.

MOTHER.

Then ſhe expreſſed herſelf in proper terms.

EMILY.

To be ſure.

MOTHER.

I aſk your pardon. She ought to have ſaid, Madam, I have had the misfortune of loſing my huſband; his death has plunged us into the moſt dreadful miſery. Judge of my deſpair! No, I never can give you an idea of the deplorable miſerable, lamentable ſituation in which he has left his unfortunate wife and helpleſs children.

EMILY.

Would that have been better?

MOTHER.

I refer it to your taſte.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, I think all thoſe words that end in *able* would be more ſuitable in company, or when one is talking to one's doll. Perhaps, a woman who had no ſhoes to her feet, had no occaſion to uſe them.

MOTHER.

She would at leaſt have made uſe of them in their original ſenſe, and real ſignification, when deſcribing her moſt unhappy ſituation.

EMILY.

To be ſure! for dolls, rags were out of the queſtion.

MOTHER.

Unleſs it were to cover the nakedneſs of her children.

EMILY.

Poor little ſouls! What is the reaſon they did not excite my pity at the time?

MOTHER.

Becauſe, to make uſe of your expreſſions, giddy people reflect only when they cannot help it.

EMILY.

Yet the mother made us take notice of them.

MOTHER.

You are then of opinion, that ſhe ſpoke more to the purpoſe than we have done for her?

EMILY.

Certainly, Mamma; you think ſo too.

MOTHER.

In ſuch a caſe, ſimple expreſſions are more powerful than a rhapſody of ſounding epithets.

EMILY.

To be ſure, they muſt.

MOTHER.

Nay more; had ſhe made uſe of all thoſe words that end in *able*, to ſoften me, reſpecting her ſituation, inſtead of effecting her purpoſe, ſhe would have prevented the extreme intereſt her reſerve inſpired me with; and probably have converted it into an unfavourable diſpoſition toward her.

EMILY.

Why ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Becauſe it is obſerved, that in proportion as the grief is real, and the impreſſion profound, the leſs prodigal it is of ſpeech. Thoſe exaggerated expreſſions which we ſo frequently hear in idle

converſation, are commonly as devoid of feeling as they are of ideas. In the uſual commerce of life, when people talk for talking ſake; in fine, in thoſe circles which meet only to paſs their time, ſuch language is never heard from a perſon afflicted.

EMILY.

Probably, the thing ſpeaks plainly enough for itſelf---

MOTHER.

And ſtands in no need of help from hard words.

EMILY.

You muſt allow that we met with a very different adventure after we left the beauty in *Raphael*'s ſtyle.

MOTHER.

Do you recollect it then?

EMILY.

Certainly, Mamma. It was Mrs. *Beltort* whom we met in the highway, all in a fright.

MOTHER.

Do you remember what ſhe ſaid?

EMILY.

Not very well, Mamma. Nay, I have quite forgotten it. I was, I ſuppoſe,

inattentive to it. Did ſhe ſay any thing very remarkable?

MOTHER.

In the firſt place, ſhe aſſured me, ſhe had juſt run the riſk of her life; that ſhe had jumped out of her coach in her fright; that her coachman had nearly overturned her into a ditch, though the coach appeared to me to be at a conſiderable diſtance from it. Then ſhe was very angry with me; How, Madam, do I ſee you on foot ſuch weather as this? The heat is intenſe enough to kill one; and for you, who have no more ſtrength than a fly, how can you expoſe yourſelf and your child to it? I admire your courage, but I ſhall not imitate it. This warm weather deſtroys me; and though I ſuffer from it now, it is againſt my will; but terror makes one run all hazards.

EMILY.

Was it then ſo warm as all that?

MOTHER.

It had been a warm day, but the evening was very pleaſant; and I could not rank myſelf among the race of heroines, becauſe I had walked for half an hour with my *Emily*; I did not find

myſelf overpowered by the heat ſo far as to be incapable of reflecting on the contraſt of the two converſations in which I had been engaged.

EMILY.

I will engage, you gave the preference to that of the handſome woman?

MOTHER.

The few words ſhe uttered made a melancholly impreſſion on me.

EMILY.

Indeed, you talked of nothing elſe the whole evening.

MOTHER.

While the lady, who had threatened me with beholding her periſhing, and ſinking under the ſimple temperature of the ſeaſon, did not inſpire me with the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs on her account, nor the leaſt diſpoſition to tremble for her life.

EMILY.

Perhaps ſhe was no more apprehenſive than you were?

MOTHER.

I was ſo well ſatisfied ſhe was not, that I was perfectly eaſy; but I could not help reflecting, as we drew near our village, how ſoon we are ſupplied with proper terms, when we ſpeak our

thoughts and ſentiments; and what an uſeleſs expence of words, when one would talk without having any thing to ſay.

EMILY.

You ſaid that aſide, I ſuppoſe; but you ſhould have ſaid it to your little girl.

MOTHER.

You are right.

EMILY.

So then you will not admit of uſeleſs words. Now I will keep you to it, and I will ſhew you an uſeleſs word in the ſpeech of the handſome woman you are ſo fond of.

MOTHER.

Pray do. I do not recollect it; and I fancy you will be puzzled to do it.

EMILY.

Not at all, Mamma. What had the harveſt to do with her misfortune? Whether her huſband died before or after harveſt, ſhe is juſt as much to be pitied. Therefore it was uſeleſs to mention that circumſtance.

MOTHER.

By which I was the more affected, as

by that one uſeleſs word was expreſſed the whole extent of her miſery.

EMILY.

What, becauſe it had already laſted three months?

MOTHER.

Not only becauſe it had laſted three months, ſhe had ſaid it, and would not have repeated it, but becauſe her miſery began at the moſt diſtreſſing period poſſible.

EMILY.

Why ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

I am aſtoniſhed, that *Emily*, who is ſo habituated to a country life, ſhould not be ſtruck by that circumſtance. You muſt have obſerved, for a long time, that with that claſs of uſeful and reſpectable men, to whom we are indebted for our ſubſiſtence, and for all the productions of the earth; that the ſeaſon of labour laſts from the firſt to the laſt day of the year; and the reward of their toil laſts only three or four of the ſummer months; which is the ſeaſon when the crops of every kind are gathered in. The father of thoſe orphans was doubtleſs a

young man, and in the vigour of his age, ſince he has left a young wife and three little children. Had he died after all the crops were gathered, his unhappy family would at leaſt have had ſome ſubſiſtence for the approaching winter. But he died without reaping the fruit of his labours during the laſt winter and ſpring. If he was poſſeſſed of a little meadow, who is now to mow it? If he had half an acre of vineyard, who would now take care of it, and make the wine? Aſk old *Noël*, how much toil and pains it requires? Do you ſuppoſe that the woman, charged with the care of her three children, could do it herſelf? That, I think, impoſſible. If ſhe could not, how could ſhe manage to pay the mowers and workmen ſhe muſt employ? Who will go for her into the wood this autumn, and collect a few faggots to keep her children from dying through cold in their little cottage? You ſee, my love, that by one word which you think uſeleſs, ſhe preſented to my view numberleſs unremediable misfortunes.

EMILY.

Oh! my dear Mamma! what difficulties have poor people to ſtruggle with! I could almoſt cry. And yet I ſaw nothing of it in the harveſt. See what it is to have a head without brains! Luckily the weather was not ſo very hot as to deſtroy you; Providence led you to the door of this poor woman; and I am ſure you are ſenſible how cold theſe poor children will be this winter.

MOTHER.

Alas! my child! one muſt have the means as well as the will to aſſiſt the unhappy. In that alone the advantage of wealth conſiſts.

EMILY.

Mamma, I would give all I have for the capital deſtined for Miſs *Bertin*, to do as I liked with.

MOTHER.

I underſtand you. The uſe you would make of it, appears to me infinitely more noble and ſatisfactory, than the project of expending it in ornaments.

EMILY.

The project is changed, Mamma. I

believe Miſs muſt do without them for ſome time to come.

MOTHER.

That the beautiful woman, who has no ſhoes to wear, may be the better for the ſavings of her toilet.

EMILY.

You have gueſſed right, Mamma.

MOTHER.

And you will ſay to her, I am really greatly obliged to you; you have cured me of a habit of making uſe of hard words, which ſpoiled my diſcourſe.

EMILY.

I ſhall ſay to her, You, and my dear Mamma; becauſe, were it not for her, I ſhould not have diſcovered the beauty of what you ſaid.

MOTHER.

I thank you for joining me with her in the ſervice ſhe has done you. Had you read with reflection, the author of the fairy tale would have cured you of this malady.

EMILY.

What! has he alſo a diſlike to hard words? I do not remember that.

MOTHER.

Yet, I think you muſt recollect, that he inceſſantly reproaches the inhabitants of the *Happy Iſland* for their taſte for exaggeration.

EMILY.

Oh! that is true; I now recollect it.

MOTHER.

And alſo, he pretends, this taſte is incompatible with ſenſibility, and an infallible ſign of the moſt perfect indifference.

EMILY.

However, he is continually reproaching them for their ſenſibility.

MOTHER.

He does not reproach them for their ſenſibility; but he reproaches them for affecting it; for pretending to it, amidſt the continual diſſipation into which they are plunged, and the frivolous amuſements that conſtitute their principal occupation.

EMILY.

To be ſure; continual amuſement is of no uſe.

MOTHER.

Particularly, if we wiſh to preſerve our ſenſibility. Diſſipation is its tomb, as exaggeration is the tomb of good taſte.

EMILY.

Do you make it a matter of taſte again.

MOTHER.

If ever we ſhould be in company with the author of the fairy tale, we will aſk him his ſentiments. I will venture to ſay beforehand, he will tell you, that a people who are in the habit of exaggerating, muſt conſequently have the taſte falſe; that the language muſt be ſpoiled and corrupted; and that in time, it will loſe all its energy, and become totally vitiated.

EMILY.

Well, I think that is going a great way indeed.

MOTHER.

Do you know why the woman at *St. Gratien* did not qualify, with the epithet of terrible, the ſituation of herſelf and her three children?

EMILY.

No, Mamma.

MOTHER.

It is you who are the cauſe.

EMILY.

How can that be? I aſſure you I am innocent of it.

MOTHER.

You have ſpoiled the word, by applying it to a trifling ornament.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, if I ſpoiled it, it was but very lately, and it is three months ſince we were at *St. Gratien.* I declare you treat me like the poor lamb in the fable. You are not, however, of the temper of the wolf; but you will have it, that I, your little lamb, diſturbed the waters.

MOTHER.

I do not accuſe you only; thoſe you think proper to imitate, that you may be in the faſhion, and take the *ton* of the great world, and good company, are your accomplices. But, when you mix with them from levity or conceit, without reflection, without knowing what you are about, you participate in their wrongs, and you ceaſe to be innocent; you have ſaid, that a cap was terrible; another ſays the ſame of the weather, when it rains; a third, of a letter that is not well written; the effect of which is, that we cannot term terrible, ſuch things as really are not objects of terror, ſo that every

one of you have ſpoiled the language as much as is in your power.

EMILY.

I have been to blame; but I will do ſo no more. But, Mamma, are you always innocent?

MOTHER.

I am not quite ſure that I am.

EMILY.

Yeſterday, in your converſation with Mr. *Verteuil*, you were talking of I do not know what; and you ſaid, you were near dying with laughing. Yet, thank God, you are alive ſtill; nay, you did not even laugh; but you looked rather grave when you ſaid it.

MOTHER.

I was much to blame; and ſhall not attempt an excuſe. But what I have been guilty of is a freſh proof to what an extreme you and your companions have corrupted the language, ſince ſuch ſimple folk as myſelf cannot make uſe of it without falling into your errors, and that without our own conſent, or without perceiving it; ſo that by keeping you company, we have caught this pernicious habit. We quietly hear people ſay, they ſhall die with laughing, periſh with *ennui*,

be ſtifled with paſſion, without the leaſt danger of dying, or choaking, or without ſuch terrible expreſſions cauſing the leaſt emotion in any one. None take offence at continually hearing ſuch overſtrained expreſſions from every mouth. We are uſed to them, and make uſe of them in our turn; becauſe the language being corrupted, has loſt every ſimple expreſſion.

EMILY.

And was it your lamb that taught you to ſpeak improperly?---Ah! Mamma!

MOTHER.

I grant the miſchief was done before my lamb came into the world. She has only played the ape. She thought ſhe did right to imitate thoſe who have ſpoiled my tongue.

EMILY.

Yes; but they do not think ſo.

MOTHER.

Our author aſſures us, that the language is in the decline, when it comes to that, as well as the people who ſpeak it.

EMILY.

Now, Mamma, acknowledge it is you who have brought the fairy tale on the carpet. I had nothing to do with it. I

keep my promiſe. I wanted to talk of your author twenty times, but I did not; yet, as you have brought him on the ſtage, I will tell you, that his tale is full of exaggeration and falſehoods, to ſay nothing of the many dangerous principles it contains.

MOTHER.

I am not obliged to defend the author of the tale; he is nothing to me; but ſuppoſe he exaggerated for the purpoſe of ridiculing exaggeration, what would you ſay?

EMILY.

That is another thing. We will then forgive him that too.

MOTHER.

What remains is more ſerious. I ſuppoſe, when you make ſuch ſolemn charges, your proofs are quite prepared.

EMILY.

For inſtance, Mamma, all he ſaid about that *Colibri* made me laugh, yet you muſt allow, there does not exiſt ſuch a man; and that it is not common ſenſe.

MOTHER.

I must allow it is pretty extravagant; but I have already observed to you, that it was his intention, most probably, to be so in writing it; and so long as he does not force you to divert yourself with his nonsense, he may indulge himself in it without any consequences. I suppose, he has set the character of Prince *Colibri* in so ridiculous a light, to shew us how greatly he despises those shallow, frivolous, insignificant, troublesome beings, who were formerly called *petits maîtres*, who shew neither sense nor sentiment, and yet are full of self-admiration, at an age when they can have no right to it. They convert the charms of youth, which naturally inspires affection and good-will, into disgust, and are avoided for their self-sufficiency. You see he has succeeded here again.

EMILY.

Well then, we must give him up his *Colibris* also. He only means to ridicule them. Be it so. I know none of those gentlemen; if there be any such, so much the worse for them. But how can

he ſay, that if the Princeſſes had poſſeſſed all the fine qualities with which the fairies would have endowed them, they would have been inſupportable? It is a manifeſt contradiction. It is certain, the more good qualities we poſſeſs, the nearer we approach perfection.

MOTHER.

Methinks, my love, that among your good qualities, you do not pique yourſelf on your indulgence for the author who has ſo highly annoyed you.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, am I right or wrong?

MOTHER.

I ſuſpect, that here too he means to ſatirize his brother authors, who frequently, injudiciouſly enough ſuſpect qualities in the characters they are pleaſed to draw.

EMILY.

How ſo?

MOTHER.

Becauſe there may be a great oppoſition in different qualities, though equally eſtimable; and to convince you of it, I will again have recourſe to your ſkill in

mythology. Timidity is becoming our ſex. When you ſay, that a nymph is timid, you immediately render her intereſting. But you cannot beſtow that quality on *Minerva*, the goddeſs of wiſdom, the daughter of *Jupiter*, the warrior *Pallas*; ſhe is poſſeſſed of too much fortitude to be timid. Now, if your fairies, who have given no proofs of diſcernment throughout their conduct, had beſtowed on *Renet* the timidity of a nymph, with the courage of a *Minerva*, you muſt acknowledge they would have made a ridiculous aſſemblage of two qualities, which could not have long agreed together. Therefore, it is not ſo falſe as you would willingly perſuade me.

EMILY.

Well, now I am dumb again; but, Mamma, in regard to his dangerous principles, you will not be able to combat me. Do you remember how the little companion of *Renet* maintained, that it was right to liſten at doors; and that her mother adviſed her to do it; therefore her mother taught her to be guilty of a meanneſs.

MOTHER.

You always forget that you are talking

of a ſatirical author, who only ſeems to approve vice or folly, more ſtrongly to expoſe it, in the moſt hateful colours. You muſt never take it in the literal ſenſe. There certainly does not exiſt a mother ſo vile as to teach her child to liſten at the door of another, and eſtabliſh ſo baſe a vice into a rule; but if a mother have the misfortune to be ſubject to that vice, in vain would ſhe exhort her daughter to avoid it, who might, with great propriety ſay, My mother likes that I ſhould liſten; becauſe it is better to preach to children by example than by uſeleſs precepts. Therefore the principle which you attack, as being dangerous, is one of the moſt important in education.

EMILY.

That is to ſay, the diſcourſe of the mother ſhould not be white, while her conduct is black, or elſe her poor child would not know how to act.

MOTHER.

And the mother would be more likely to ſubject her to follow a bad example than a good precept.

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, that your author is more cunning than big.

MOTHER.

That is not ſaying much; you have ſeen him, and no one can well be thinner.

EMILY.

He has a good advocate in you, and I ſhall ſay no more. And ſee! my muſic maſter appears in the horizon!

MOTHER.

You ſpeak of him as of a conſtellation.

EMILY.

See what it is to have ſtudied aſtronomy together. Do you remember laſt ſummer, Mamma, when we uſed to go after ſupper, and ſit upon the bench on the graſs-plat, ſide by ſide, contemplating the ſtars?

MOTHER.

Yes, I believe we already know the great bear, and the North ſtar.

EMILY.

Had it been your pleaſure, I ſhould have made a greater progreſs.

MOTHER.

Yes, at the expence of your reſt; but

I had rather ſee you aſleep, than wandering in the immenſity of ſpace.

EMILY.

Mamma, I ſhall go and lock up Miſs in her trunk, till further orders.

MOTHER.

How! ſhe has only been returned a few days; and is ſhe again to ſet out for the country?

EMILY.

Perhaps ſhe is going to ſpend the winter at one of her country-houſes.

MOTHER.

Thoſe are matters I have no buſineſs with.

EMILY.

Mamma, how much longer ſhall I play with my doll?

MOTHER.

Now you talk like a baby.

EMILY.

That is true. I meant to ſay, how much longer muſt I remain in Miſs's ſervice?

MOTHER.

You know that is no buſineſs of mine. Methinks your projects are very extenſive,

ſince you impatiently expect the time when you are to fourteen years old, to furniſh Miſs's ward-robe and toilet in the neweſt faſhion. When that is done, you certainly will wiſh to reap the fruit of your expence. Therefore, I think I am not miſtaken, when I flatter myſelf, I ſhall ſee you, at eighteen or twenty, employed in dreſſing your doll. What a long and pleaſing proſpect of delightful amuſement!

EMILY.

Mamma, I get nothing from you to-day but raillery. I will ſay, you are more ſatirical than you are thin; but I forgive your injuſtice, and ſhall go and ſee whether my fingers be unfrozen.

SIXTEENTH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

(Enters with her mother, and lays a parcel upon the table.)

NOW we are ſafely returned, Mamma, with all our bargains, you muſt allow, that the hurry of *Paris* is very terrible; or, if that term be too ſtrong for you, very troubleſome. One runs the riſk every moment of being entangled with other carriages, lamed, overturned, cruſhed to death by a cart, or of trampling over thoſe who walk. It always gives me ſuch a turn, Mamma---If you were not to tell me not to mind it, I ſhould be very much afraid now and then.

MOTHER.

So ſhould I, if fear were of any uſe. But ſuppoſe there were real danger, fear

would only prevent your perceiving the mean of extricating yourſelf from it.

EMILY.

Can you then doubt of there being danger?

MOTHER.

If there be any, it is very trifling. Notwithſtanding the concourſe of people, the multitude of carriages, and carts, and the numberleſs ſtoppages in the ſtreets of *Paris*; notwithſtanding the careleſſneſs, inattention, and raſhneſs of thoſe you ſee go and come, either in carriages or on foot, we ſeldom hear of any fatal accident. Therefore the danger cannot be ſo great as it is ſuppoſed.

EMILY.

That is the reaſon you never think about it?

MOTHER.

No further than to be certain of the prudence of my coachman, on whom I depend in the obſervance of two invariable rules, that of never being in a hurry, nor of incommoding, as little as poſſible, the foot paſſengers; for whatever

care we take, they are ſufficiently incommoded.

EMILY.

Then every body belonging to you acts by rule.

EMILY.

I know no better method of extricating ourſelves from the difficulties we find in the ſtreets of *Paris*, and the road through life.

EMILY.

We have, however, a plentiful ſtock of ſilks to embroider with at our leiſure.

MOTHER.

It will indeed be at your leiſure; for, you may be ſure, you will not work often, nor for any length of time together.

EMILY.

You have a ſpite againſt my poor frame.

MOTHER.

When you are fifteen years old, you may work at it as much as you pleaſe; and then, perhaps, you will have loſt the deſire. Till that time, you will give me leave to oppoſe you, in regard to every ſedentary occupation.

EMILY.

Then, Mamma, my aunt will not have her work-bag for a new-year's gift.

MOTHER.

You may give it to her at *Eaſter*. A preſent is always well received.

EMILY.

I ſhall ſay to her, You muſt be angry with my Mamma, if I be not too haſty with my preſents.

MOTHER.

I will readily take all ſuch ſins upon myſelf.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, you do not ſay a word to me about what happened at the ſhop.

MOTHER.

Did you take notice of it then?

EMILY.

You muſt needs ſay the lady was very impertinent. She entered like a fool, paid no attention to any body, took the chair that you had been ſitting in, and placed herſelf between you and the ſhop-woman, with her back toward you. If you were not prudence itſelf, you might have hurt yourſelf very much by ſitting down, imagining your chair to be ſtill behind you.

MOTHER.

I rather think the lady more thoughtleſs than impertinent.

EMILY.

Why do you think ſo?

MOTHER.

By her confuſion, and repeated excuſes, when the gentlewoman of the ſhop told her, in a delicate manner, and low voice, what ſhe had been guilty of.

EMILY.

Yes, yes! Of what uſe are excuſes when the fault is done? Beſide, to be reproved by a ſhop-woman does honour to her education. I do verily believe, Mamma, ſhe took you for my Governeſs, and thought I was nobody.

MOTHER.

In the latter point, ſhe was not much miſtaken. However, if I were diſpoſed to tax her behaviour with impertinence, it would be for a want of good manners toward a little inſignificant girl, and the perſon whom ſhe took for her Governeſs.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, it is ſtill more inexcuſable to fail in good manners toward our equals.

MOTHER.

You are miſtaken. Equality eſtabliſhes and authoriſes a retaliation of affronts. Two perſons are then on equal terms. He who inſults his equal, expoſes himſelf to the diſagreeable conſequence of being reprimanded; and it commonly makes more noiſe than the offence given, ſo that the laugh is againſt him. Therefore, as it is not cuſtomary among perſons of the ſame rank in life to be wanting in good manners, propriety and reciprocal politeneſs are maintained without any interference of the laws.

EMILY.

And I being one of the laughers, remain on your ſide.

MOTHER.

Which is a proof of the goodneſs of my cauſe. However, in what has juſt happened to me, there is not the leaſt offence, ſince the lady no ſooner perceived her error, than ſhe humbled herſelf to make apologies, and took her leave, greatly diſſatisfied with herſelf. Her confuſion induces me to conclude, that ſhe is not uſed to be impertinent; and that ſhe may be at this moment thinking of the trifling fault ſhe has com-

mitted, while, if you had not put me in mind of it, I never ſhould have thought of it. But, I muſt acknowledge, that I cannot bear to ſee people inattentive to children and ſtrangers; and I think it a poor excuſe to ſay, I aſk your pardon, I did not know you; which is ſaying, in other words, I reſerve the right of being impolite to all thoſe I do not know, or whom I think my inferiors. This principle, and the behaviour that is the conſequence of it, conceals, I know not what, of meanneſs, and appears to me highly reprehenſible in a civilized nation.

EMILY.

Ah! I know you would have every body attentive to ſtrangers; but, as to children! you ſay yourſelf they are of no conſequence.

MOTHER.

It was you who talked of children being of no conſequence. I am of opinion, that children are of very great conſequence, and that I am always ready to pay them, on every occaſion, the greateſt attention.

EMILY.

Perhaps that may be becauſe their

whole deſtiny is wrapped up in their ſwaddling-cloaths, as the curate ſays.

MOTHER.

That conſideration alone is ſufficient to inſpire a degree of reſerve in their preſence; for, to run the riſk of behaving rudely to a hero, however inſignificant he may appear, would be very diſagreeable. No one would like to reflect on ſuch a blunder, as having taken the Empreſs of *Ruſſia* for a common child. However, I am not obliged to reſpect them for form ſake. If they ſhould prove unworthy, I ſhould only have my labour for my pains. It is then prudent and decent to wait till circumſtances together operate, and to regulate the attention due to real, and acknowledged merit of each. But if it be true, that the conviction of the dignity of human nature is a fruitful ſource of great and noble actions in man; if it be true, that without elevated ſentiments, virtue is robbed of its beſt ornament, I know nothing more proper to inſpire and ſtrengthen this conviction in children, even from their cradle, than to pay them

attention. It is warning them, in the moſt preciſe, as well as moſt noble manner, of the ſacred engagement every man contracts on his entrance into life, never to deviate from this characteriſtic of dignity. Indeed, it is not the reſpectful attention we owe to virtuous perſons, great men, and patriots; but the attention of affection, and that benevolence, which contemplates with delight in the riſing generation, the glory and proſperity of the next.

EMILY.

As a child, Mamma, I am obliged to thank you for your principles; it is not the place of us children to contradict them.

MOTHER.

Theſe expreſſions of attention and affection may become a kind of barometer, as the hopes they give are realiſed, or fruſtrated.

EMILY.

That is to ſay, you would leſſen, or increaſe theſe teſtimonies of regard, according as the children promiſed and performed, or promiſed without performing.

MOTHER.

It is the law of equity.

EMILY.

I believe it to be very juſt; but, Mamma, I do not think it is very faſhionable. Nobody takes any notice of children except yourſelf.

MOTHER.

Methinks that is a very raſh aſſertion.

EMILY.

Oh! children are very good judges of that. Yes, Mamma, when the parents are preſent, they are careſſed a little; but when they are alone, or out of their company, they are not taken the leaſt notice of. You have juſt ſeen how it is. The lady, to make atonement for her fault, ſaid to you; Madam, you have a charming child; but I was not to be duped by her compliment: if I were ſo very charming, ſhe would have found it out before ſhe took your chair away.

MOTHER.

I grant, ſuch is the politeneſs that cuſtom has authoriſed, but on which I ſet no value, nay, could wiſh it were baniſhed from ſociety; however, it does not exclude true politeneſs.

EMILY.

Undeceive yourſelf, dear Mamma; and be aſſured, that no one is poſſeſſed of that affection for children you wiſh to inſpire.

MOTHER.

If that were the caſe, I ſhould be very ſorry; and I ſhould almoſt be perſuaded of a melancholy truth I often hear repeated by elderly people, and which I never yet believed.

EMILY.

What may that truth be?

MOTHER.

They ſay, that after having paſſed for the model of politeneſs to all *Europe*, our nation daily loſes its reputation, and will, perhaps become one of the leaſt polite. This reflection mortifies and humbles me extremely.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, do not be diſheartened; there are ſtill many amiable people. In the firſt place, all your friends and their acquaintance; they make up a great number.

MOTHER.

I ſhould be glad to be convinced that I am wrong.

EMILY.

Beſide, politeneſs is not ſo neceſſary as many other virtues.

MOTHER.

That is to ſay, a ſavage people may be good and honeſt, though they be not polite; but, when I ſee a civilized nation decline in point of politeneſs, I feel the ſame pain, as when I ſee an old man returned to childiſhneſs.

EMILY.

Why ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

What reaſon can you aſſign for impoliteneſs in a cultivated mind?

EMILY.

I cannot give you any.

MOTHER.

For my part, I cannot but think it proceeds from a want of benevolence for our fellow creatures, of indifference to merit, inſenſibility to virtue, and other cauſes equally important.

EMILY.

That is more ſerious than I thought it.

MOTHER.

Indeed your fairy tale has inſpired me with a diſtaſte for continual diſſipation, and for thoſe who only think of amuſement from morning to night.

EMILY.

Ah! here comes the fairy tale again; I thought we were no more to talk about it.

MOTHER.

I am ſorry I read it. All the evil I now behold I am tempted to attribute to diſſipation, and a taſte for trifles.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma, that you may think no more of it, give me the book which Mr. *Verteuil* brought you. You promiſed it me, but you are in no hurry to fulfil your promiſe.

MOTHER.

Come, then---But ſuppoſe the reading it ſhould again make me melancholy?

EMILY.

Why ſhould it, Mamma? You would not wiſh to be melancholy.

MOTHER.

It is nothing very deſirable.

EMILY.

As you ſay the book is very ſerious, perhaps it may make you cheerful, as the fairy tale was gay, and that gave riſe to melancholy reflections.

MOTHER.

Let us try. You may read the introduction before dinner; and, if you ſhould be pleaſed with it, I will truſt you with the book.

EMILY.

Now liſten with attention.

MOTHER.

I do; but I believe, that the author more eſpecially addreſſes himſelf to young perſons.

EMILY.

So much the better---

MOTHER.

I mean young people, who are come to years of diſcretion; for I thought, when I looked over his book, I ſaw many things above your comprehenſion.

EMILY.

We ſhall ſee that, Mamma. Are you likewiſe acquainted with this author?

MOTHER.

No, my dear.

EMILY.

Then you do not know whether he be thin or fat?

MOTHER.

We will endeavour to gueſs when we ſhall have read his introduction.

EMILY.

Does he intend to print his book?

MOTHER.

I do not know; but I may keep the manuſcript as long as I pleaſe.

EMILY.

Come, let us read.

(She reads.)

MEDITATION

ON THE

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY.

" How pleaſant it is to exiſt, to think, " and to feel! I will be ſenſible to vir- " tue, that I may love it. I will reflect, " that I may diſcover the truth. I will " exiſt, only to worthily fulfil the end of " my lot."

Mamma, he is no greater a friend to diſſipation than you are, it ſeems. He muſt be a favorite of yours.

MOTHER.

We ſhall ſee that.

EMILY *(reads.)*

" I will do good, becauſe it is pleaſ-
" ing ſo to do. I will flee from evil, be-
" cauſe it fills the heart with horror and
" bitterneſs.

" In the morning, I will open my
" heart to the joy of being able to do
" good. I will yield myſelf up to reſt,
" with the ſatisfaction of having lived in
" innocence. I will endeavour to do
" the following day the good which I
" omitted to do the preceeding."

I dare ſay, Mamma, ſuch a life would ſuit you?

MOTHER.

I hope it would ſuit you too.

EMILY *(continues.)*

" I will enjoy all the bleſſings of life,
" without pride or injuſtice. I will be
" contented without thoſe things which I
" have not, without humour or repining."

That is right, for what uſe is it to complain?

(She continues.)

" O Truth, be thou the light of my
" underſtanding! O Virtue, be thou
" the guide of my life! O Benevo-

" lence, Love, Gratitude, and Friend-
" ſhip, be ye my only enjoyments!"

A propos, Mamma; do you know, I am very glad I am in the world?

MOTHER.

So, ſo! and for what reaſon?

EMILY.

For many reaſons. Firſt of all, one is glad to be alive; and then every thing which one ſees is ſo beautiful; and then one is ſo happy, though one does not know why.

MOTHER.

Your reaſons are not very clear, though I do not in the leaſt doubt their excellence. Is it a diſcovery you have juſt now made?

EMILY.

Oh! no, Mamma! I have known it a long time. But I think more of it after dinner, than in the morning. I then feel a ſecret and general joy and ſatisfaction.

MOTHER.

I formerly uſed to feel it; but ſince I have loſt my health---

EMILY.

Oh! do not let us talk of that, my dear, dear Mamma; you are very well now.

MOTHER.

Beſide, that general ſatisfaction which you feel, without any cauſe, is contagious to me.

EMILY.

What, do you catch it?

MOTHER.

I always do. But ſuppoſe we go on with our reading?

EMILY *(continues.)*

" I will love all mankind as my fellow " creatures. I will adorn my exiſtence " with that of others. I will extend my " benevolence to every thing that ſur- " rounds me, to the end that my heart " may be continually dilated with the " happineſs of being uſeful and beloved.

" If it be true, that men are more " wicked than they were, I will make " indulgence and mildneſs my ordinary " companions, that I may not be un- " happy from the vices and defects of " others."

Yes, for that does not inſpire that inward ſatisfaction.

(She continues.)

" I will be happy in the happineſs of

" others, becauſe happineſs produces " and diffuſes joy, as a ſalutary ſpring " diffuſes fruitfulneſs. I will pity the " unhappy, becauſe we may relieve their " ſufferings, by ſharing them. I will " forget the wicked man and his actions, " becauſe I ought to hate them."

That is very clever, for example.

(She continues.)

" I will live only to open my heart " to what is good, and conformable to " order. I will ſhut it to the poiſon of " hatred and envy, that it may be pre- " ſerved from corruption. I will repel " injuſtice without complaining or re- " venging; becauſe he who commits it " is ſufficiently puniſhed in being wick- " ed."

That is true again.

" I will be juſt, moderate, and com- " paſſionate in proſperity, that I may " be worthy of it."

And ſo will I.

" Patient and reſolute in adverſity, " that I may overcome it."

And ſo will I, if I can.

" I will not murmur at the events of " life, becauſe I neither know the cauſe, " nor the end of them. I will contem-

" plate the immenſity of the univerſe,
" and its abyſs, to cure in me the pride
" of believing myſelf of conſequence.
" I will obſerve the cares of the author
" of nature, for the meaneſt and ſmalleſt
" of created beings, that I may not
" think myſelf forſaken."

That is fine, Mamma.

" I will paſs my leiſure in conſidering
" the order and magnificence of his
" works, that I may have ſubjects of
" continual admiration and rejoicings.
" All living and inanimate beings obey
" his laws, and find their happineſs and
" preſervation in their obedience. I
" will ſubmit to his will, that I may be
" happy."

Come then, let us obey. But, Mamma, is it very certain, that happineſs is the conſequence of obedience.

MOTHER.

It is clearly demonſtrated in my opinion. One of the moſt evident laws of nature, for example, is to enjoy the delights of life with moderation and wiſdom. Go beyond the temperance which it preſcribes, and you enjoy neither real, nor imaginary pleaſures, but ſhort and fleeting, and which muſt ſoon be followed by repentance, and the loſs of ineſtimable

pleaſures, ſuch as the health both of body and ſoul. You ſee at what a price it would be allowable for you to deſpiſe the rules of temperance.

EMILY.

I underſtand you. This is another fine ſtroke at diſſipation. Give yourſelf up to it and adieu to health.

MOTHER.

At leaſt adieu to the health of the ſoul.

EMILY *(continues.)*

" I will admire the works, and the " virtues of man, his courage and his " conſtancy, his genius, and the ſubli- " mity of his thoughts; and I will re- " joice in being of his ſpecies. I will " turn my eyes, from the aſpect of vice, " that its meanneſs may not contract " my heart, and make me bluſh for my " fellow creatures."

That again is very well ſaid, for it is very painful to behold vice.

" Let me never be tired of doing good. " May the certainty of paſſing my life " in innocence never forſake me, that I " may cheriſh the deſire of life."

Mamma, I muſt try to obtain that certainty, for I have a great deſire of life.

MOTHER.

So much the better, provided that living, and living well, be the ſame thing with you, as it is with all virtuous perſons.

EMILY.

Oh! that is underſtood.

(She continues.)

" I will look on life as a fleeting " poſſeſſion, and will make the moſt of " it, that I may give it up without regret, " when I have enjoyed it for the happineſs of others and for my own."

Yes, indeed we muſt give it up.

" Virtue is better than life, ſince there " can be no happineſs without it, and " that life without happineſs is not worth " preſerving."

That is clear to me.

" May I rather ceaſe to be, than to do " evil!"

To be ſure.

" May I never be ſo unhappy as to be " even the innocent cauſe of misfortune " to others!"

God forbid I ever ſhould!

" Falſhood ſhall not approach my

" heart; a lye ſhall never paſs my lips;
" becauſe I ſhall be a gainer by ſhewing
" myſelf ſuch as I am."

And ſo ſhall I, at leaſt I hope ſo.

" The more enlarged and numerous
" are my duties, the more ſubjects of
" ſatisfaction ſhall I experience."

I ſhall not ſtand in need of diſſipation, ſhall I? Oh! Mamma! dinner is going to be ſerved in the middle of my meditation.

MOTHER.

I did not foreſee you would at the ſame time make your comments.

EMILY.

Did they diſpleaſe you?

MOTHER.

Not at all; I was much pleaſed with them; but it did not ſhorten the lecture.

EMILY.

Becauſe when I am with you, Mamma, I am accuſtomed to think aloud.

MOTHER.

Methinks your thoughts of the work are not unfavorable.

EMILY.

So little, Mamma, that I ſeize upon the book as my own.

MOTHER.

I cannot oppoſe ſuch violence.

EMILY.

Yet there is nothing new in it, Mamma; it is what we ſay every day, and what I have always experienced. Whenever I do wrong, I am unhappy; when I am ſatisfied with myſelf, I feel an inward delight, and am ſenſible of the cauſe of it. When I can do good to any one, I am ſo pleaſed; when I ſee any one ſuffer, I am as miſerable as if it were myſelf; and that is in three words what I have been reading, except that it is not ſo well expreſſed.

MOTHER.

That is, in my opinion, a proof that the author well knew the elements of happineſs, ſince his principles are conſonant with your experience. Were I to object to them, I ſhould ſay they were ſomewhat vague.

EMILY.

What is the meaning of vague?

MOTHER.

It is exactly oppoſite to preciſion; general maxims are inconteſtible. No one doubts, for inſtance, that the happineſs of man is founded on virtue. But it is in the application of general maxims to our particular ſituation, that the ſcience of living well conſiſts; and it is the bu-

ſineſs of virtue to follow them faithfully, even though our preſent, or miſtaken intereſt, and our paſſions of the moment ſhould contend with them. To write or ſpeak, to read or repeat general and inconteſtable maxims, is doing nothing toward the improvement of this moſt important of all ſciences.

EMILY.

That is to ſay, the ſcience of living well, is it not?

MOTHER.

Only he who ſpeaks better than another, who expreſſes theſe maxims in a more happy manner, with more fire, more ſtrength, more feeling, deſerves the praiſe due to eloquence; and a very noble praiſe it is; but not the higheſt of all.

EMILY.

Then it is not what you prefer?

MOTHER.

If one of your brothers ſhould aſk me that queſtion, I ſhould ſay; To which of the warriors, do you think, would be entruſted the defence of his country; to him who ſpeaks beſt on the uſe of arms, or to him who, without ſpeaking, makes

uſe of them with the greateſt dexterity and courage?

EMILY.

My brothers would reply like brave ſoldiers, To the latter.

MOTHER.

Becauſe proofs muſt be made in war; and proofs cannot conſiſt in words. It is the ſame in regard to virtue. It is the tutelary ſhield of our innocence, and of every valuable bleſſing that is beſtowed upon us. The life of one virtuous man, is more inſtructive, more contagious, and more *inflammatory*, if I may be allowed the term, than all that the fineſt writers can ſay on the ſubject.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, the one does not prevent the other.

MOTHER.

True. Speaking well does not prevent doing well; but the one is much more eſſential than the other.

EMILY.

Then all things conſidered, Mamma, you do not approve of this work?

MOTHER.

How precipitate you are! We have

only read a few pages, and you would have me judge, and even condemn it! I think it a very good book; except, that in the part we have read, I find more ſweetneſs than energy.

EMILY.

Well! ſweetneſs is very pleaſing.

MOTHER.

Particularly when heightened by a little energy and ſtrength.

EMILY.

Energy is your delight; you would have it in every thing.

MOTHER.

How unjuſt you are! When we were reading the other evening before we retired to reſt, that paſtoral of *Geſſner*, in which *Myrtillo* viſits the neighbouring lake by moon-light---

EMILY.

Oh! I remember it, Mamma! The profound ſtillneſs of the night, and the ſweet warbling of the nightingales, detained him a long time on the banks of the lake, in ſilent ecſtaſy. At length he went back to his cottage, and found his father aſleep in an arbour of vine-trees adjoining the cottage. You ſaid, it would

make a good picture, and that you fancied you ſaw hence the venerable old man, with his grey locks, lying on the graſs, by the light of the moon. Then how beautiful is the ſpeech which the ſon makes to his ſleeping father! You ſaid, there was an inexpreſſible charm and ſweetneſs in that author. Then you gave me leave to read *Amintas* and *Tytirus*, and *Menalchus* and *Palemon*, the prettieſt of all; and you ſaid, Mr. *Geſſner* muſt have been a good ſon; and that he deſerved to have ſons like himſelf, as he knew ſo well how to paint filial piety in ſuch affecting colours. And the next day I remarked to you, that one ſlept the better for having read ſuch an author---

MOTHER.

Did you ever hear me ſay thoſe delightful paſtorals wanted energy?

EMILY *(embracing her mother.)*

Oh! Mamma, I was wrong, I was wrong!

MOTHER.

I look not therefore for energy where it would be miſplaced: however, we may ſettle our diſpute without quarrelling; you have taken my book, you ſhall read

a meditation every morning, if you think proper. I then will give you a book written by a lady of great merit, with whom I am acquainted.

EMILY.

What is it about?

MOTHER.

She made an extract of *Plutarch*'s Lives, for the uſe of a young perſon who has reaped great advantage from it. You know what an extract is, and you comprehend that it is a collection of the moſt remarkable actions of all the great and virtuous perſonages of antiquity. If you pleaſe, you ſhall, after every meditation, read one of theſe extracts, and we ſhall ſee which of the two you will like the beſt.

EMILY.

Now you talk, Mamma. We will judge the cauſe together. I dare ſay theſe extracts do not want energy.

MOTHER.

Or ſpirit, if you prefer the word.

EMILY.

But why are you ſo fond of it?

MOTHER.

Becauſe it vivifies and keeps up every thing in nature. Death is only a privation of every kind of animation. You have hinted that you are fond of life; you then muſt be as much pleaſed with energy as myſelf.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, how can you carry it ſo far; you have no more vigour than a fly, as Mrs. *Beltort* ſays.

MOTHER.

The more we are deprived of bodily ſtrength, the more valuable and neceſſary does our mental vigour become. Without it what could we do?

EMILY.

Oh! you do not want for that. Only aſk Mr. *Verteuil?*

MOTHER.

I do not think I have more than a fly, to make uſe of the compariſon of Mrs. *Beltort*. But come, let us go and repair our animal ſtrength, and then we will think of increaſing the ſtock of our mental powers.

SEVENTEENTH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

WHAT a long time it is, my dear Mamma, ſince you and I ſate ſide-by-ſide together; and what a painful ſeparation it has been! But you are now, thank God, out of danger, your ſtrength viſibly returns, and to-day you look quite charming.

MOTHER.

Indeed, I have not been ſo well theſe ſix months paſt; therefore I would not have any other nurſe this evening than my *Emily*.

EMILY.

Say your unhappy *Emily*, who has been cruelly ſeparated from you. When you were at the worſt, I was not ſuffered to ſee you. When you grew a little better,

they let me come into your room; but I was forbidden to ſtay, leſt, as they ſaid, you ſhould be too much affected. It is only for theſe eight or ten days that they have ſuffered me to ſtay a little, and render you any little ſervices. But now, thank God, we are alone. I hope nobody will think fit to object to it; and that you will not let them ſend me away whenever I come to your door.

MOTHER.

You may eaſily imagine how painful this neceſſary ſeparation has been to me alſo; but let us think no more of the paſt, except it be to rejoice in our reunion.---How we will prattle together!

EMILY.

No, no, my dear Mamma! I have been ſtrictly enjoined not to let you talk. They ſay it may occaſion a relapſe.

MOTHER.

They know not what they ſay, my love. You may aſſure them, that after converſing an hour or two with my child, I ſhall feel myſelf more alive, than after ſwallowing their potions, and all they

can invent, to reſtore my health. Beſide, I find myſelf very well; I took the air this morning on my little terrace, while you were at the *Tuileries*. The firſt fine days in ſpring are ſo pleaſant, and do one ſo much good!

EMILY.

So they are---I thought-- now if my Mamma could but be here!

MOTHER.

And I ſaid to myſelf, Ah! if I had but my *Emily* to lean upon, while I walk up and down my terrace!

EMILY *(embracing her mother.)*

Here ſhe is, my dear, my good Mamma!

MOTHER.

Only inſtead of walking we are talking. And not to give any cauſe to the Doctor to find fault, I will not ſpend my capital, but live on my income.

EMILY.

That is right, he recommended you ſo to do; thoſe were his words, I now hear him as if he were ſpeaking. However, I hope he will not reproach me for our *tête-à-tête?*

MOTHER.

Fear nothing. I am now ſtrong enough to defend you.

EMILY.

What were we talking of, my dear Mamma?

MOTHER.

Indeed I do not know. We have ſo many things to ſay, and ſo many queſtions to aſk each other, we ſhall not have done them theſe two months; and it is very natural we ſhould not know where to begin.

EMILY.

What was the dream you were going to tell me five or ſix days ago, when our ſweet friend, Mrs. *Ternan*, forbade you to talk.

MOTHER.

Ah! the dream! I remember it. It made me very uneaſy.

EMILY.

Well, then, we will not talk of it.

MOTHER.

Oh! I am not ſo much alarmed by it as to loſe my fear of talking of it; on the contrary, I ſhall be happy to tell it you, and to know what you think of it.

EMILY.

In that caſe then, my dear Mamma, pray tell me your dream?

MOTHER.

In my dream I ſaw a little girl.

EMILY.

Juſt like me, I ſuppoſe?

MOTHER.

You will ſee. She might be five or ſix years old.

EMILY.

Oh! it was not I.

MOTHER.

I felt for this child ſuch a warm and tender affection, that I examined her with the moſt minute attention; and I obſerved, with ſingular pleaſure, that without having loſt any of the charms, or the ſimplicity of infancy, ſhe already poſſeſſed that ſenſibility, diſcretion, and judgment, which ſeemed to ſurpaſs her years. I thought I diſcovered that it proceeded from her frequent converſations with her mother. There reigned betwixt them ſuch an extreme tenderneſs, ſuch a ſincere and intimate friendſhip, that the ſight alone of their manner of living together, filled my eyes with tears

of pleaſure. They were never abſent from each other day nor night.

EMILY.

Do not talk ſo earneſtly, my dear Mamma.

MOTHER.

When the mother was obliged to beſtow ſome time on domeſtic concerns, or on other indiſpenſible duties, it was diſpleaſing to her; and all ſhe wiſhed was to return to her child. When her ill ſtate of health prevented her from accompanying her daughter in her walks, and partaking her other exerciſes, then the child was affected. She made a ſenſible progreſs in every point of her education; and if ever the giddineſs or inconſiſtency natural to her years, happened to miſlead her, one word, one look from her mother, was no ſooner uttered, no ſooner glanced, than the child felt, and made an excuſe for her little error. One thing ſtruck me, which was, that ſhe always accuſed herſelf of her faults to her mother; and the latter was commonly obliged to act a very ſatisfactory part for a mother, that of extenuating them, of ſeeking excuſes for them, and of taking the child under

her protection, ſo to expreſs myſelf, againſt her own ſeverity. The only ſubject of diſagreement I could remark between two perſons ſo cloſely united was, that the mother was ſometimes obliged to contradict the child, reſpecting her taſte for ſedentary employments, and even for the exceſs with which ſhe gave herſelf up to reading. She never would, for inſtance, go to bed early, though children require a great deal of ſleep; and the only proof of tenderneſs the mother was obliged to deny her was, not going to-bed when ſhe did.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, I cannot flatter myſelf that I know the child.

MOTHER.

On a ſudden, I loſt ſight of her in my dream. It occaſioned me inexpreſſible anguiſh. I was miſerable in endeavouring to find her again; I made many efforts equally painful as uſeleſs, and I ſo lamented the loſs as to render my nurſes apprehenſive on my account.

EMILY.

Mamma, you had the night-mare; they ſay it happens in ſickneſs. It is

very painful; but you will ſleep better to-night, will you not?

MOTHER.

At length I found her again, and my joy was audibly expreſſed. At firſt I hardly knew her again, ſhe was grown remarkably tall.

EMILY.

Perhaps ſhe was two years and a half older; was ſhe as tall as I?

MOTHER.

I do not think there was the ſmalleſt difference. The mother ſeemed to be much altered, and I was hurt to ſee her ſo.

EMILY.

Ah! that was the night-mare again.

MOTHER.

However, I knew them by the tenderneſs that ſtill ſubſiſted betwixt them; but the manners of the young lady were altered, and did not ſeem the better for the change. I remarked a certain extravagance in her converſation, and even in her conduct. Her whole attention ſeemed to turn toward frivolous diſcourſe, and frivolous objects. Her mother was affected, but expreſſed it not; and I ſaid to myſelf, What is become of

that candour that uſed to reign between them? But my ſurpriſe was greatly increaſed, when I heard the young lady entertain her mother for nearly half an hour with what the nurſes, the governeſs, and the maid, had ſaid in the morning, while at breakfaſt. The latter had been preſented by her Miſtreſs with a gown, and had called a conſultation with the governeſs and the nurſes, to determine whether it ſhould be made up into a night-gown or a polonais. I believe the young lady herſelf was deſired to give her opinion; ſhe related the *pro* and *con* with the greateſt exactitude, and the good mother liſtened with patience the reſult of the deliberation, which was to her the moſt inſipid thing in the world. As to myſelf, I was ſo ſtruck with this goſſiping---

EMILY *(burſts into tears.)*

But, Mamma, if you knew how ſtrictly I was forbidden to talk to you of any thing ſerious, or that could in the leaſt affect you; they threatened me, that I ſhould not ſee you again for a week, if I ſpoke a word that could intereſt you.

MOTHER.

What, *Emily*, do you pretend to act a part in my dream? Or has the young lady commiſſioned you to ſpeak for her, and to make her apology?

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, I think there is occaſion for one.

MOTHER.

It was not my intention to afflict you, and you afford me great conſolation on her account. For I plainly ſaw, that her poor mother (only ſee how eaſily mothers are alarmed) ſuppoſed her daughter had, by I know not what fatality, ſuddenly changed her diſpoſition, and adopted the habits, and the goſſiping of a lady's-maid.

EMILY.

That is, becauſe you did not dream of what happened in the interim.

MOTHER.

What is it pray?

EMILY.

It is, that the mother you have ſo much reaſon to love, fell ſuddenly ill, and was in ſuch extreme danger, as to be ſuppoſed dead, and at a time, when all

her relations and friends were in the country, or travelling. If you had ſeen the deſolation and diſorder the houſe was in! Every body was diſtreſſed, and knew not what to do. Her poor child was, for ſeveral days, without any other notice being taken of her, but being placed in a corner of her Governeſs's room, whence ſhe was not to move. When the danger was over, ſhe had not, as I ſaid, leave to ſee her mother; and had not, for a long time, any other ſociety than that of nurſes and waiting-women.

MOTHER.

You inſpire me, my love, with equal affection and compaſſion for the young lady; but you alſo prove to me, how greatly a public education, if well inſtituted, is to be preferred to a private one, ſince the latter expoſes a child to neglect, through the abſence of a ſingle perſon.

EMILY.

You ſay yourſelf, Mamma, that children are like ſoft wax. Are you aſto-

niſhed to find your ſtick of wax ſpoiled when you threw it on the ground?

MOTHER.

You mean, when my weak and trembling hand let it fall.

EMILY.

Yes. That is what I intended to ſay.

MOTHER.

I may have ſaid, that children are, like wax, ſuſceptible of good or bad impreſſions; and therefore it is very important that the firſt impreſſions ſhould not be bad: but when good ones are received, they ought to remain; for, if the laſt comer can impreſs what he pleaſes on the ſoft wax, it ſucceſſively and indiſcriminately, takes all forms good or bad, and conſequently preſerves none, nor will ever be of any value. I believe, good wax hardens, in proportion as it receives good impreſſions; neither is it in every one's power to efface them.

EMILY.

Do you then think, my dear Mamma,

they are all effaced in this poor child?

MOTHER.

So far from it, that if I ſhould ſee her mother again in a dream, I will conſole her, as well as I am able, on account of her daughter; and I hope to perſuade her ſhe was alarmed too ſoon.

EMILY.

How greatly I ſhall be obliged to you, my dear Mamma!

MOTHER.

I can tell what the mother will ſay to me.

EMILY.

What, Mamma?

MOTHER.

In the firſt place, ſhe will tell me, that the women in her ſervice are perſons of tried honeſty, and attachment; and that, if their ſociety be not uſeful to the education of her daughter, ſhe does not fear their company being hurtful to her.

EMILY.

Indeed, ſhe is not miſtaken.

MOTHER.

In the ſecond place, that if ſhe were alarmed, it was not ſo much on account of the change in the manners and ſubjects

of converſation in her daughter, as the loſs of many good habits ſhe obſerved in her, and which ſhe found no longer; or at leaſt greatly weakened.

EMILY.

What habits, Mamma?

MOTHER.

For inſtance, ſhe pretended, that her daughter was early perſuaded of the importance of being punctual and ready at a moment, either for her amuſements or her occupations. That was one of the very beſt impreſſions that had been given to the wax. The contrary habit, beſide the daily inconveniences attending it, may give riſe to greater inconveniences on more important occaſions. This young perſon then ſeemed to have contracted, from her own conviction, a moſt ſcrupulous punctuality; and her mother reckoned it among the number of her good qualities and ineffacible impreſſions.

EMILY.

Well, and ſo?

MOTHER.

Well! ſhe thought ſhe perceived, in the latter part of her dream, that this quality was eclipſed, and this good

habit no longer exiſted. Whence, ſaid ſhe to me, can this change proceed? Why has ſhe always ſomething elſe to do, when ſhe ought to ſet about what is propoſed her? Why is ſhe a quarter of an hour in determining? How does it happen, that her uſual occupations always ſeem to come unexpectedly; and that ſhe is never ready at the proper time. She, who uſed to be punctuality itſelf! You muſt acknowledge, continued ſhe, there muſt be a cauſe for this kind of vague inattention, which either makes her loiter, or act with precipitation; when before this period, ſhe was equally diſtant from either extreme?

EMILY.

Do you not think, that might be the conſequence of that trouble, to which ſhe was expoſed, during the fatal interval in which your dream was interrupted?

MOTHER.

I will readily believe it; more eſpecially if that hurry and its conſequences ſhould vaniſh with their cauſe.

EMILY.

You may be ſure the little girl will do every thing that depends on her, to

conſole a mother who is dearer to her than life.

MOTHER.

Yet I have heard ſay, that this defect, which ſhe does not acknowledge, the unforeſeen diſcovery of which has ſo much affected the mother, has lately been carried to a great length.

EMILY.

In what, Mamma?

MOTHER.

For inſtance; ſhe had made it an invariable rule, never to make a tradeſman or a workman wait a moment. For though a child, ſhe was ſenſible of the unpardonable injuſtice of diſpoſing, through caprice, thoughtleſſneſs, hurry, or want of method, of a portion of time belonging to that claſs of men, whoſe only riches it is. If every one, ſaid ſhe, has the right of making a workman wait in an anti-chamber, and loſe his time, how is the poor man to manage his affairs, and get his bread? He already loſes a great deal of it, by continually running about from one end of *Paris* to the other; and, if we ſuffer him to wait, he is greatly to be pitied. Thoſe

who are guilty of this injuſtice, continued ſhe, do not expect to be either worſe ſerved, or to pay dearer than others. What then is the workman to do, if the half, or three parts of his time be thus waſted? The only reſource he has, is to regain his loſt time, by haſty, and negligent work; and conſequently, is obliged to do it badly. For the dependance of the poor on the rich, the workman on him by whom he is employed, ſilences every complaint, or remonſtrance; which is the cauſe that the injuſtice and inſenſibility of the rich render almoſt uſeleſs the induſtry of the common people, and corrupt their manners. Theſe ſenſible reflections of the child gave great pleaſure to the mother.

EMILY.

Do you mean, that ſhe actually made theſe reflections, or acted as if ſhe were capable of making them?

MOTHER.

The mother might perhaps make them, and the daughter conducted herſelf accordingly.

EMILY.

Whether ſhe were capable of making them, or owed them to her mother,

it is impoſſible ſhe ever could forget them.

MOTHER.

Notwithſtanding the impoſſibility of it, I have been aſſured, that a poor workman, having waited a long half-hour, was yeſterday ſent away with his work, and ordered to come again another day; and conſequently, has two walks inſtead of one.

EMILY.

Oh! it is too true, Mamma! It was my ſhoe-maker, who brought me a pair of ſhoes; but indeed he did not wait more than ten minutes.

MOTHER.

The loſs of time conſiſts only in the loſs of minutes.

EMILY.

I came out of my room, and ſaid, Mr. *Quintal*, I am very ſorry, I am now buſy; but why do you come after dinner? it is impoſſible for me to try on my ſhoes.

MOTHER.

What did he ſay to that?

EMILY.

He ſaid to me, Pray be not ſorry Miſs;

I will come again after to-morrow, without fail, at ten o'clock in the morning.

MOTHER.

He, no doubt, knows better how to make ſhoes than to talk.

EMILY.

No indeed, Mamma, he was very civil.

MOTHER.

That is what I blame him for. Had I been in the place of Mr. *Quintal*, I would have ſaid to you, very compoſedly, Do you know, Miſs, the diſtance from *La rue Saint Sauveur*, to the *Chauſſée d'Antin?* Try, for once, to come from your houſe to my ſhop on foot, to have your ſhoes tried on; and I ſhall tell you, I have no time to-day; you muſt come to-morrow. We ſhall ſee whether you would be pleaſed at having had a walk for nothing. It is not, however, further from the *Chauſſée d'Antin* to *La rue Saint Sauveur*, than from *La rue Saint Sauveur* to the *Chauſſée d'Antin*; and I received you directly into the beſt room in my houſe, that is, my ſhop, without making you wait in an anti-chamber or the paſſage. Probably, I ſhould have added, you intend to pay me a third above my

price, for the time you have made me loſe. If I did not come this morning, it was becauſe I every where met with people as unjuſt as yourſelf. In every houſe I was ordered to wait; and during that time, my wife and my five children look up to me for the bread which you, and ſuch as you, tear from them.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! what a cruel leſſon! I promiſe you, he never ſhall wait a moment for me; neither he nor any other perſon.

MOTHER.

I rejoice in finding my *Emily* ſuch as ſhe was when I loſt her; and that I am not obliged to partake of the ſolicitude of the poor mother I ſaw in my dream.

EMILY.

It is but juſt you ſhould have ſome cauſe for ſatisfaction after ſo many dangers and ſufferings.

MOTHER.

What was the buſineſs, my love, that obliged you to make your ſhoe-maker wait, and at laſt ſend him away?

EMILY.

You know, Mamma, that Mr. *Gerceuil*, when he left you, came into my room with my aunt.

MOTHER.

Indeed, I had forgotten that; and does he ſtill bring you oranges?

EMILY.

Oh! we are no longer ſuch babies. But he told me, he was glad to ſee me; and that now we could have a little chat together, ſince you were pretty well, and growing better and better every day. He looked as uſual for the firſt time; for ſince his return, he always paſſed by me without ſpeaking, with ſuch a melancholy countenance! Do you know, ſaid he, this is the laſt day of the month? If your brothers were here, and your Mamma well enough to bear it, we might have *performed our exerciſe*, and you might perhaps have been now decorated with the croſs. I replied, that I was thinking of it, juſt as he did me the honour to enter my room; and that I was on the point of going through one with my doll; that is, the little one we call the niece, you know, Mamma. He

ſaid, it would be very clever, and that we could not better celebrate the recovery of my Mamma at the concluſion of the month. That I ſhould be the Governeſs to the niece; that is, the little doll ſhould anſwer my queſtions, and he would act the part of my youngeſt brother, and try to gain the prize.

MOTHER.

From a doll? and you ſay you are no longer babies! Go, your friend will be one at eighty.

EMILY

That is what my aunt ſaid.

MOTHER.

I dare ſay your aunt ſhrugged her ſhoulders.

EMILY.

A little; but ſhe was kind enough to be preſent at the exerciſe.

MOTHER.

But who anſwered for the little doll?

EMILY.

It was I who anſwered for her; and alſo prompted Mr. *Gerceuil*; for he made believe to know nothing; and I aſſure you, if it had not been for me, he would not have gained the croſs.

MOTHER.

As it is, he gained it by cheating, and you have been guilty of a crying injuſtice toward your doll.

EMILY.

It is true, matters were not conducted with the greateſt fidelity. But I think, there is no great harm in being unjuſt toward a piece of wood.

MOTHER.

I think you muſt have had buſineſs enough upon your hands, and at one time, firſt, to aſk the queſtions, then to anſwer them for the little Miſs; and laſtly, to prompt a dunce, who perhaps did not reply as he ought?

EMILY.

You are right, Mamma. It was juſt ſo.

MOTHER.

What was the ſubject of the exerciſe?

EMILY.

Oh! a very ſerious one. The five ſenſes were the ſubject.

MOTHER.

Indeed it was a very ſerious one. I am very ſorry I was not preſent at this exerciſe. I ſhould have learned among

other particularities, how to act the part of three persons at once.

EMILY.

There is no difficulty in that, my dear Mamma. Will you have a specimen of it? But no---it will fatigue you, perhaps.

MOTHER.

On the contrary, I shall repose during that time.

EMILY.

Well, then! When I am the Governess, I will stand at your right hand; then I will cross over to your left to perform the part of the niece, or the doll; and when I stand before you, it will be to prompt Mr. *Gerceuil*, who represents my youngest brother.

MOTHER.

I believe it will be better to void the last part. As I have no inclination he should gain the cross a second time without deserving it; he may so confuse the exercise, that my weak head will not be able to follow you.

EMILY.

Come, then, it will render my undertaking more easy. It is a pity I have not time to fetch the little one from her

box. I would place her at your left hand, and then it would be juſt the ſame as yeſterday.

MOTHER.

We ſhould then only want the great child to act the part of your brother.

EMILY.

If he ſhould come, you would ſee he would enter upon it directly.

MOTHER.

In the mean time, you have perfectly well ſupplied the abſence of the doll; by changing ſides, according to the part, you have prevented the danger of confuſing me.

EMILY *(begins.)*

GOVERNESS.

I am fearful, Miſs, you will not ſhine to-day. You do not want underſtanding; but you have a certain indolence about you that is very injurious to you.

THE DOLL.

No, Madam, it is not indolence: but ſome things I immediately comprehend, becauſe they ſtrike me at once; and there are others I cannot clearly comprehend. Pray tell me why I cannot underſtand them all?

GOVERNESS.

Tell me why you can touch with your

hand the figure of Henry IV. *on the chimney-piece?*

THE DOLL.

Becauſe it is within my reach.

GOVERNESS.

And why cannot you reach the branch in its hand?

THE DOLL.

Becauſe I am not tall enough.

GOVERNESS.

It is for the very ſame reaſon that you underſtand ſome things, and cannot comprehend others.

THE DOLL.

What, becauſe I am not tall enough?

GOVERNESS.

To be ſure, Miſs. The underſtanding requires to be ſtrengthened and enlarged, as well as the body. When young, it is not arrived at its heights; it cannot go beyond a certain point; do you underſtand?

THE DOLL.

I did not know that, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

Becauſe you never reflect.

THE DOLL.

I am young, Madam, my underſtanding does not extend beyond a certain point.

GOVERNESS.

Granted. But the point muſt be extended every day.

THE DOLL.

I wiſh for nothing more, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

I believe you. But you would like to gain it while you are aſleep, or without taking any pains.

THE DOLL.

I know that cannot be done, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

Why not?

THE DOLL.

Becauſe, when we are aſleep, we can neither ſee nor hear; neither have we ideas.

GOVERNESS.

Whence does the mind then receive its ideas, or its conceptions?

THE DOLL.

By the ſenſes.

GOVERNESS.

How many ſenſes are there?

THE DOLL.

There are five.

GOVERNESS.

I aſk not their names, it is too common.

THE DOLL.

I can repeat them, however, on my five fingers.

GOVERNESS.

It would be a fine thing if you could not.

THE DOLL.

If you provoke me, I will name them to you, one after the other.

GOVERNESS.

I will not hear a word of it.

THE DOLL.

Well, then, we will put it off till another time.

GOVERNESS.

And why do you say we have no ideas, when we neither hear nor see?

THE DOLL.

Because I believe it is so.

GOVERNESS.

When I shut my eyes, I am blind, at least while I keep them shut. Does that prevent my having an idea of colours, of blue, of yellow, of red, and of green?

THE DOLL.

You have the idea of them, Madam,

becauſe you have ſeen them before, and have been taught to diſtinguiſh them.

GOVERNESS.

If I had been born blind, I could not then have formed any idea of colours?

THE DOLL.

No, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

Nor of the form of any object?

THE DOLL.

Oh! yes, Madam, I can form an idea of any object from the touch; and I know your hand with the five fingers, becauſe I have felt it all over. But, if I were blind, and you ſhould tell me it is white, I ſhould not know what you meant.

GOVERNESS.

Very juſt. You ſee, Miſs, when you ſay right, I do you juſtice.

THE DOLL.

I am much obliged to you, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

But when, if I have the misfortune to be blind, by any accident, how can I have an idea of thoſe colours which I no longer can ſee?

THE DOLL.

Perhaps you judge as the blind do of colours.

GOVERNESS.

None of your jokes, if you pleaſe. They are ill timed, when we are talking ſeriouſly, and reflecting.

THE DOLL.

Becauſe, Madam, you then form an idea of colours from your memory. You are told, ſuch a ſtuff is red, and you recollect how that colour ſtruck you when you could ſee.

GOVERNESS.

That is talking to the purpoſe. Therefore, the ſenſes are not alone neceſſary to form ideas, it requires alſo memory.

THE DOLL.

To be ſure, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

And memory ſupplies the preſence of objects?

THE DOLL.

Do you mean, that it ſerves inſtead of their preſence?

GOVERNESS.

Yes. If I had no memory, could I form any ideas?

THE DOLL.

I believe not, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

I ſhould begin a ſentence, and before I could finiſh it, I ſhould forget the beginning.

THE DOLL.

And then good-bye to all my Governeſs's ideas!

GOVERNESS.

You ſee that memory, or the faculty of retaining impreſſions received, is like a ſixth ſenſe, without which the five others would be of no great uſe.

THE DOLL.

Yes, Madam. It is like the guardian of the houſe, who keeps every thing under lock and key.

GOVERNESS.

Well ſpoken, my darling. Come and give me a kiſs.

THE DOLL.

And ſuppoſe I had been born deaf?

GOVERNESS.

You would not be able to form any idea of ſound, nor conſequently of language,

which is only ſound modified in a thouſand different ways.

THE DOLL.

Then I ſhould not be able to ſpeak?

GOVERNESS.

Children learn to talk, by imitating the ſounds of thoſe who nurſe them, and by retaining the ſignification attached to the ſound. Now, if you had never heard a ſound how could you imitate it?

THE DOLL.

Then all who are born deaf, are dumb?

GOVERNESS.

To be ſure.

THE DOLL.

But one does not talk with one's ears, however.

GOVERNESS.

They are dumb, becauſe they know not they can talk, and there is no method of telling them ſo.

THE DOLL.

I am ſorry for them. And are all dumb people deaf alſo?

GOVERNESS.

You might have ſpared that queſtion by

a little reflection. One might be dumb through ſome defect or obſtruction in the organ of ſpeech, which has no influence on the organ of hearing. Do you underſtand? Whether this obſtruction be durable, or of ſhort continuance; that is, be curable or not, it does not prevent the hearing.

THE DOLL.

That is very plain.

GOVERNESS.

When you have made a further progreſs, I will carry you to Mr. Abbé de Lépée, to be preſent at the exerciſes of thoſe born deaf and dumb.

THE DOLL.

I do not know that gentleman. What does he do?

GOVERNESS.

He is a citizen, who has nobly *devoted himſelf to the inſtruction of thoſe unfortunate perſons, who are deprived of hearing and ſpeech. He has eſtabliſhed a ſchool for them, where he teaches them, by ſigns, to underſtand the diſcourſe they cannot hear; to reply in writing, and even to ſpeak.*

THE DOLL.

Oh! Madam, I ſhould like to ſee that.

GOVERNESS.

As I have not yet ſeen it myſelf, we will

ſtay till your underſtanding can attain the branches.

THE DOLL.

I do not underſtand you, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

That is, till it can reach higher than the figure of Henry IV.

THE DOLL.

I do not underſtand you now.

GOVERNESS.

Giddy brain! have you already forgotten what we ſaid, reſpecting what you could, or could not reach?

THE DOLL.

Oh! I remember, Madam.

GOVERNESS.

Pray do not forget it.

THE DOLL.

I am glad I have five ſenſes; it is very convenient. It preſents a great many ideas to the mind. And then they are preſerved by the memory, the mind, then turns and winds them all manner of ways; and there is no end to its regulations. But, Madam, what is the mind, pray?

EMILY *(after a pauſe.)*

What muſt I anſwer, Mamma?---I wanted ſadly to aſk that queſtion!---I have got into a hobble here, like a giddy

gooſe.---It will be very ſhameful for a Governeſs not to be able to reply to a little brat.

MOTHER.

Yet it happens to me every day. Am I aſhamed of it?

EMILY.

But I had it in my power to have aſked her any other queſtion.

MOTHER.

Is it then ſo terrible a thing to ſay, I do not know? Had I been in your place, I ſhould have ſaid, My dear, that is a queſtion which has puzzled greater folk than you or me: it is not only higher than the figure of *Henry* IV. but higher than the branches; therefore we will let it alone.

EMILY.

Do you hear, you brat? I will anſwer you at a proper time and place. That is enough for to-day; and you have quite harraſſed me.

MOTHER.

It is no doubt to keep up the conſequence of the Governeſs that you make this promiſe? However, I believe you, when you ſay you are harraſſed. You muſt be tired. I could not have thought

that the exercise of a doll could have been so laborious. To be at once the mistress and the scholar! Change every moment the tone and place! I assure you, my love, you would have deserved the cross without exerting yourself so much.

EMILY.

You see it is only half a turn from right to left, according as one is mistress, or scholar.

MOTHER.

Yes; but to change the voice as well as the place! must be very fatiguing, especially for the little one whose voice is so shrill.

EMILY.

That is because she is so young. It was necessary to mark the difference in the personages.

MOTHER.

The quickness with which you changed your part and your voice, is a good proof of the strength of my head. I assure you I could not have endured it three or four days ago.

EMILY.

I hope I have not fatigued you, my dear Mamma?

MOTHER.

On the contrary, you have afforded me great pleaſure. But if the little one anſwered yeſterday as ſhe has done to-day; I cannot imagine how you could have the heart to cheat her of the prize.

EMILY.

Oh! ſhe anſwered juſt contrary yeſterday; becauſe I wiſhed my brother ſhould gain the croſs. You know whom I mean.

MOTHER.

Stay. They are going to part us. Your ſupper is ſerved.

EMILY.

What, already?

MOTHER.

The beſt company muſt part.

EMILY.

That is the worſt of it.

MOTHER.

We ſhall ſoon be united again to part no more.

EMILY.

I hope you will ſleep very well, my dear Mamma, that the time may ſoon come. I hope I ſhall not be reproached

for this little ſhort evening's converſation.

MOTHER.

Go, my love, to reſt without any apprehenſions of that ſort---Good night, good night, my dear *Emily*---Come, let me have one more kiſs.

EIGHTEENTH CONVERSATION.

MOTHER.

WELL, my *Emily*, you are come back! How was every thing conducted?

EMILY.

Oh! charmingly! Mamma, delightfully!

MOTHER.

Pray, let me have an account of it.

EMILY.

As ſoon as I arrived at old *Noël*'s, I met him on the ſteps coming to me. He had a new ſuit of cloaths on; he looked ſo handſome! He ſaid, Miſs, I am very ſenſible of your Mamma's goodneſs, in permitting you to honour my daughter's wedding by your preſence. You will be at the nuptials, and your prayers will draw upon them the divine bleſſing; for the prayers of ſuch children

as you will be heard. Then I went into the houſe, and found all the bride-folk aſſembled. The bride, and bride-groom came toward me. I aſſure you, Mamma, *Elizabeth* looked very pretty. She looked as modeſt as uſual; and, I dare ſay, the bridegroom is a worthy young man. I drew the two ſilver goblets from the pockets in my apron, and deſired they would accept them as a wedding gift. When they ſaw the cyphers of *Stephen Herſelin*, and *Elizabeth Noël*, and we had explained the letters, *Elizabeth* would kiſs my hand, and begged I would have my cypher or my arms engraved on the other ſide, that they might, as ſhe ſaid, boaſt of their goblets as long as they lived. As I embraced her, the Marchioneſs entered. Oh! Mamma! what a reſpectable woman! What a noble air! notwithſtanding her age. Every body was in a buſtle, and knew not where to place themſelves. Old *Noël* alone, with his venerable air, was not out of countenance. What, Madam! can you condeſcend to enter this cottage, without informing us before-hand! You imitate our Lord and Saviour, who diſdained not,

on certain occaſions, to enter the humble roof of the poor man, to manifeſt his divine goodneſs. Old *Noël*, replied the Marchioneſs, *Stephen Herſelin* is my god-ſon, and was born in my houſe. His father, *Peter Herſelin*, was my gardener for thirty years. His ſon ſucceeds him; and his probity, induſtry, and good conduct, are in no wiſe inferior. I have encouraged the match with your daughter, from the good character you both have; and ſhall I not come to their wedding? She then ſpoke to all the company. She deſired to know the names and relationſhip of each. They all begged for the honour of kiſſing her hand. She embraced the bride; ſhe alſo did me that honour, and ſaid very kindly, that ſhe was very happy to be acquainted with me; and that ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould convince you we were neighbours; as there is but little more than a mile from her caſtle to our houſe.

MOTHER.

What did you ſay to all that?

EMILY.

Mamma, I made a very low courteſy,

as you desired me, supposing she should be at the wedding; but I should have done the same if you had not told me: for, as soon as I saw her, I was struck with the most profound veneration for her.

MOTHER.

It is a sentiment which all who know her partake with you.

EMILY.

After that, we set out for the church. The Marchioness had already sent her coach thither. She chose to make one in the procession. She placed old *Noël* between herself and me, and we walked behind the bride and bride-groom. On our way, she told me, she would not leave the village without seeing you; because she had a favour to beg of you. Old *Noël* said also, that the bride-folk should pay their respects to you, as your health did not allow you to honour them with your company.

MOTHER.

Then we may expect a large company this afternoon?

EMILY.

To say nothing of the cakes, and the

fruit, and the flowers; for a gardener's wedding muſt abound with thoſe things.

MOTHER.

Eſpecially the gardener of the Marchioneſs. Pray go on.

EMILY.

We arrived in good order at the church. It was, I aſſure you, a proceſſion worth ſeeing, eſpecially as the ſun ſhone very bright. The clergy were ranged in the choir in their canonicals, to do honour to old *Noël*, who, you know, is very much reſpected. The rector came out of the veſtry to pay his reſpects to the Marchioneſs. He then pronounced the nuptial benediction, and made a very fine exhortation.

MOTHER.

Which made every body cry?

EMILY.

Not every body; old *Noël* wiped his eyes two or three times. I could not ſee the bride-groom; but *Elizabeth*, as ſoon as ever ſhe reached the altar, cried; Oh! how ſhe did cry! her eyes were like two fountains.

MOTHER.

And did you cry too?

EMILY.

No, I did not cry; but I was very attentive.

MOTHER.

Yet, you have abridged the ceremonies of the church more than I expected. I was in hopes you would not have omitted the leaſt look or geſture.

EMILY.

Perhaps I was afraid of being tedious ---beſide, the beſt is to come.

MOTHER.

Let us hear it pray?

EMILY.

After the ceremony, we returned to old *Noël*'s in the ſame order, except the Marchioneſs, who ſaid, ſhe had a viſit to make in the neighbourhood, but ſhe would ſoon come back. We found a very good breakfaſt; and ſome of the niceſt *petits-pâtés* I ever ate.

MOTHER.

Is that the beſt of all?

EMILY.

Have a little patience, my dear Mamma, I desire you. The rector arrived. Every body naturally drew near him. He then said, " Be attentive, *Stephen* " *Herselin* and *Elizabeth Noël* to what I " am going to say. The Marchioness, " whose bounties and charities are the " consolation and blessing of all the " canton, has commissioned me to put " into your hands this deed, by which " you are entitled to five hundred livres " yearly, as a wedding gift on her part. " Know, that the major part of those, " who work at the vine of the Lord in " this kingdom, enjoy not so considerable " a revenue, as that you owe to the ge- " nerosity of your benefactress. But, " as her wisdom is equal to her good- " ness, she does not choose this income " should be appropriated to your hous- " hold wants, and consequently render " you less industrious; you must supply " them by the fruit of your labours; it " is the law of the Lord. The Mar- " chioness intends that the income she has " settled on you, shall be employed " every year, by my advice, and our " joint opinion, in the purchase of a

" piece of land, to your own uſe, and " which may, in time, ſerve as a live- " lihood, and retirement in your old " age, to the end that your marriage, " being bleſſed, as we hope it will, theſe " portions of land may become the he- " ritage of your numerous children, and " make the ſtate you are entered into " dear to you; to which the Almighty " has annexed a particular benediction, " by the content it affords, by purity " and innocence of manners, the ſecurity " of a good conſcience, and health of " body and ſoul."

MOTHER.

You were right, my love. This is indeed the beſt of all; and it delights me that you have remembered it ſo well.

EMILY.

You know, Mamma, I readily remember all that our good paſtor ſays. I thought as you do, his diſcourſe very fine. He concluded by laying his hand on their heads, and ſaying, " May God Almighty beſtow it upon you---that is, health of body and ſoul. Be grateful to God and your benefactreſs."

MOTHER.

I ſuppoſe they did not fail to expreſs their gratitude to the Marchioneſs.

EMILY.

Every body loaded the Marchioneſs with praiſes, and bleſſings; and I am apt to think, ſhe withdrew only to avoid hearing them, and to give time to the rector to perform his commiſſion.

MOTHER.

Was ſhe abſent a long time?

EMILY.

About an hour. I was gone before ſhe returned; but I met her in the ſtreet in her way thither. She ſtopped her coach, and ſaid, What! have you already left the bride-folk? that is wrong. But I hope to ſee you again ſoon; and for a longer time. So, Mamma, you muſt expect to ſee her here preſently, with all the bride-folk.

MOTHER.

No, we ſhall ſee her no more to-day; for ſhe has juſt left me: all the time you ſpent at old *Noël*'s, after you came from church, ſhe paſſed with me.

EMILY.

Then why did ſhe ſay ſhe hoped to ſee

me again? And pray, Mamma, what was the favour ſhe had to aſk of you?

MOTHER.

It is a favour ſhe means to beſtow upon you.

EMILY.

Upon me!

MOTHER.

The bride-folk are to dine with her next *Sunday*; and ſhe wiſhes we may be of the party, and bring our good paſtor with us.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! pray let us. We ſhall have a pleaſant ride with our paſtor, to ſay nothing of the day's pleaſure.

MOTHER.

Which will be a charming one for you, will it not? And if my health will not ſuffer me to go, ſhe wiſhes me to ſend you, with the rector and your Governeſs.

EMILY.

And you have granted the favour, Mamma?

MOTHER.

How can one refuſe any thing to ſuch a woman?

EMILY.

I think, Mamma, I ought to take upon me half the obligation.

MOTHER.

Do you expect to be greatly amuſed that day?

EMILY.

Indeed I do, I promiſe you, upon my word.

MOTHER.

Yet, methinks, you ſet out this morning to attend the ceremonies with a more lively air than you brought back.

EMILY.

That may be, Mamma. It is becauſe I thought a wedding-day much more gay than it is.

MOTHER.

On what did you found your opinion?

EMILY.

Becauſe, Mamma, it is the day on which the wiſhes of all the family are fulfilled. It is therefore natural to be gay.

MOTHER.

Right. But, though the wiſhes of a whole family be then accompliſhed, it is the moſt deciſive period in our lives; nor can we anſwer for the conſequences.

The curtain that conceals from us the future, is then half opened. Amidſt the joy that ſurrounds us, we dart an anxious look forward; for how can one behold, without pain, without a ſecret terror, that uncertain, though moſt intereſting of all proſpects? You alſo that day contract an eternal engagement. Does it not appear to you an awful thing, for ſuch feeble, variable, inconſtant, ſhort-ſighted, ſhort-lived beings, as we are? An eternal engagement which it is impoſſible to break through, whatever may be the conſequences. If an unfortunate one, there is an end to the happineſs of life; if a fortunate one, it is no ſooner formed, than in ſpite of yourſelf, you cannot help thinking of its diſſolution, ſince every thing that is, muſt have an end. That inexorable law, to which all muſt ſubmit, will lead you from that moment, progreſſively, toward the cloſe of this tender union, upon which was founded the happineſs of your life, and will plunge in tears and ſorrow, the miſerable ſurvivor.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! how melancholy all you ſay is! It was well I ſet out for

old *Noël*'s, without thinking of all this.

MOTHER.

But it was not you who were going to be married.

EMILY.

Do you ſuppoſe then, that *Elizabeth* made all theſe reflections?

MOTHER.

Yes, either diſtinctly or in a confuſed manner, according as the habit of reflecting on what paſſes in the mind, or affects the heart, is more or leſs perfect with her. I think, that in the important affairs of life, juſt thoughts, and proper ſentiments, preſent themſelves nearly in the ſame manner to every one, without diſtinction of rank; and that refinement adds but little to them.

EMILY.

I am not now ſurpriſed, that *Elizabeth*, who was the merrieſt girl in the village, did nothing but cry during the ceremony.

MOTHER.

You will grant, that a wedding-day is a day of great and profound reflection. Know, gaiety is not the child of reflection.

Beſide, they ſay the greateſt laughers are the moſt apt to cry.

EMILY.

That is, however, two extremes.

MOTHER.

But which proceed from the ſame cauſe, which is ſenſibility, or the being eaſily moved or affected.

EMILY.

I am glad of it, for then I hope *Elizabeth* will ſoon laugh as much as ſhe uſed to do.

MOTHER.

I hope ſo too. We ſhould be the moſt miſerable of beings, if the idea of future, and its uncertainty, ſhould ſo far trouble us as to prevent the performance of our duties, or the enjoyment of the preſent good.

EMILY.

That is what I was thinking juſt now; and I ſaid, God forbid I ſhould draw aſide the curtain that conceals the future!

MOTHER.

Yes, wiſe people do ſo now and then.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, ſince the future is uncertain, and we grow melancholy by the view of it, why ſhould we trouble ourſelves about it? We have no occaſion to think about it.

MOTHER.

Oh! children need not be taught that; and it is perhaps one of the moſt valuable privileges of childhood, for whom there is no to-morrow. But this privilege ceaſes on the day of marriage, or the day when you leave your father's houſe; then care and anxiety, with the idea of to-morrow, ſucceed the ſecurity and delightful careleſſneſs of youth.

EMILY.

I think, Mamma, upon reflection, I ſhall never marry.

MOTHER.

That is rather a ſudden reſolution, but luckily not irrevocable. You will have time to deliberate fully on it.

EMILY.

I am your *Elizabeth*, and I will not leave my old *Noël*. Do you underſtand me?

MOTHER.

Well then, you muſt make a bargain

with your *Stephen Herſelin* accordingly. You will ſay to him, Come and live with me at my mother's; and let us take care of her in her old age, that our paſtor may alſo promiſe the divine bleſſing for us and our children.

EMILY *(embracing her mother.)*

Ah! my dear Mamma! that is a corner of the curtain one may peep under. If it makes one cry, it is not worth ſorrow.

MOTHER.

We loſe ourſelves, my love, in the crowd of philoſophical reflections, that the tears of the bride have given riſe to; and perhaps they may flow from no other cauſe than the pain ſhe feels in leaving her father's houſe, and going to live two or three miles off.

EMILY.

And that is quite enough, Mamma. I am glad I am not there to be a witneſs to their ſeparation this evening. There will be ſuch crying and ſobbing, that we ſhall hear them hence.

MOTHER.

It is the hiſtory of human life. We may unite all the objects of our at-

tachment into one common center, and ſeldom will one advantage offer without being obliged to give up another.

EMILY.

That is not very well ordered, I think, dear Mamma---What a beautiful print! and what a fine frame! Where were my eyes that I have not ſeen them all this time?

MOTHER.

You left them at old *Noël*'s, and they had buſineſs enough there.

EMILY.

What a beautiful print, Mamma!

MOTHER.

It is not a print; it is a drawing.

EMILY.

Has it been ſent to you from *Paris?* or have you bought it while I was abſent?

MOTHER.

It is not mine. The Marchioneſs brought it to me. As I thought it an intereſting one, I begged her to let me keep it till you returned, to ſhew it you. She will ſend for it preſently.

EMILY.

Then ſhe bought it?

MOTHER.

It does not belong to her neither; it is the Ducheſs of ***, her couſin; one of whoſe friend's had it drawn, without her knowledge, from an adventure that happened to her.

EMILY.

Do you know the adventure, Mamma?

MOTHER.

The Marchioneſs has juſt related it to me.

EMILY.

Pray, my dear Mamma, let me know it too?

MOTHER.

I rather waited for you to tell it me.

EMILY.

How can I tell you what I do not know?

MOTHER.

By looking on the drawing; if it be well done, you will very eaſily find out the ſubject.

EMILY.

Well then! let us ſee, ſince you will

have me be a ſorcereſs. In the firſt place, there is a woman in bed---Is that the Dutcheſs?---Oh! no; for ſhe is lying on ſtraw---On an old couch---And then the room---It is but a ſhed---Mamma, the woman is in diſtreſs !---Is ſhe in health ? is ſhe ſick ?---I cannot tell what to think of it---I ſuppoſe ſhe is ill, as ſhe is in bed?---But has any great good, or great evil befallen her ? for ſhe lifts her hands to Heaven. Is it gratitude, or complaining? I cannot tell---

MOTHER.

Let us ſee who is by the ſide of her couch.

EMILY.

Perhaps it is her nurſe---No, ſhe is too well dreſſed for that---it is a lady.

MOTHER.

I think a woman lying on ſtraw, is not very likely to be able to pay a nurſe.

EMILY.

I do not know what I am talking about, Mamma. That muſt be the Dutcheſs--What can ſhe be ſitting upon?

MOTHER.

Upon a wooden ſtool.

EMILY.

Do you think ſhe is very comfortably ſeated?

MOTHER.

No; neither do I imagine ſhe entered the ſhed to be comfortable. However, I ſhould like it better, were ſhe ſtanding than ſitting in the manner ſhe there does; it would have given her a more noble look, and thrown more dignity into the character, which ought not to be neglected in a drawing.

EMILY.

But why does ſhe ſtoop down ſo?---Ah! it is to inquire how the poor woman is---I ſee that very plainly, for the attitude of the hand proves ſhe is ſpeaking to her---and with much kindneſs too---Then there is a young lady ſitting on a cheſt---She is very fine---I dare ſay ſhe is the Dutcheſs's daughter. The ſtory muſt have happened when feathers were worn---only look at her cap elſe?

MOTHER.

That was but lately; methinks you talk as of the laſt century.

EMILY.

No, my dear Mamma, it is no longer than that---however, her feathers do not make her gay. She is grieved at what ſhe hears---I believe ſhe is crying---Ah! it is the tall girl who ſtands before her that is crying bitterly---She is the poor woman's daughter, I am ſure. I ſee in the Dutcheſs's daughter, an air of goodneſs and compaſſion that affects me. She holds the poor girl by the hand; and ſeems to ſay, Come, and ſit by me, and I will comfort you---You will ſay, Mamma, they are both old enough to think of to-morrow.

MOTHER.

And the morrow promiſes nothing very pleaſing methinks.

EMILY.

In revenge, ſee here are two boys in this corner, who do not ſeem to think at all about it.

MOTHER.

I am of your opinion, as to the youngeſt. He is eating, I think, an apple; and playing with a cat. He may have

ſuffered; but he ſeems to be void of care.

EMILY.

You will ſay again, Mamma, that it is the pivilege of his age.

MOTHER.

And which his brother has already loſt.

EMILY.

I believe he is fretting.

MOTHER.

He ſeems very ſorrowful, as far as one can judge.

EMILY.

He is not, however, ſo tall as his ſiſter.

MOTHER.

The thought of to-morrow begins at an early period with the children of the unhappy.

EMILY.

What is that juſt behind the head of the poor girl?

MOTHER.

It is a lamp at the right ſide of the woman's bed, that ſhines on the two principal figures; the reſt of the ſcene is in the ſhade.

EMILY.

I think as you do, Mamma. I do not like the Dutcheſs crouched down as ſhe is

there. I ſhould have liked that to have been a fine figure, after the manner of *Raphael*; you underſtand me.

MOTHER.

Which perhaps might not have been a faithful repreſentation of that reſpectable woman, but which would have perfectly well expreſſed the character of dignity, generoſity, and benevolence, which is ſeen in all her actions.

EMILY.

Then ſhe is like the Marchioneſs.

MOTHER.

It may be ſaid, without any violence to truth, that virtue is hereditary in that family; and when we behold this elevation of ſentiment perpetuated from generation to generation, one is tempted to look on the privilege of birth, as not entirely chimerical.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, birth does not depend on ourſelves?

MOTHER.

Which is the reaſon why old *Noël* is accounted a man of the moſt weight, the moſt conſequence, and reſpectability, in ſhort, the firſt man in the village. Had it

been his lot to have been born the couſin, or brother to the Dutcheſs ***, he would, no doubt, have been the example and model of the court.

EMILY.

Then his lot is unjuſt.

MOTHER.

Not more ſo than that of perſons devoid of merit, who are condemned to bear an illuſtrious name.

EMILY.

No; for that muſt be a burthen to them.

MOTHER.

You muſt alſo conceive there can be no merit in illuſtrious birth, though a great advantage to people of worth.

EMILY.

Yet you have often told me, it was very ſilly to be vain of high birth.

MOTHER.

To be vain of any advantage that depends on chance, is fooliſh; but to reflect on our birth, that we may not degenerate from our anceſtors; to have the great examples they have tranſmitted to their

poſterity, always preſent to our view, is the noble and virtuous habit of a great and elevated heart.

EMILY.

It is a habit which we ought to contract; is it not, my dear Mamma?

MOTHER.

You are ſenſible in general of the force of examples. The nearer they touch us, the more efficacious they muſt be; judge of their force, when we can chooſe them from our own family. With what exalted deſires ought we not to be affected, when we can ſay to ourſelves, The liſt of my anceſtors is graced with revered names; with names dear to their country! when we have the happineſs of counting among them heroes, and bright examples.

EMILY.

Well, I will think of it all day long, and may be, all night too.

MOTHER.

And do not forget, what I have ſometimes heard perſons worthy an illuſtrious name, ſay, Such are the duties; but never, Such are the privileges of my rank, or of my birth.

EMILY.

That is, becauſe nobody diſputes it.

MOTHER.

And that is a reaſon for wiſhing the placing oneſelf among numbers of thoſe who are not liable to have it diſputed.

EMILY.

And ſuppoſe one has no liſt, Mamma?

MOTHER.

We then enjoy another valuable privilege, that of rendering an obſcure name illuſtrious by our talents, and our virtues, and uniting it to the liſt of names dear to their country. Cuſtom aſſigns to the man of quality, and high birth, a diſtinguiſhed rank in ſociety; but public eſteem raiſes above it, him who owes all to himſelf, and nothing to his anceſtors, it more eſpecially elevates him above the crowd of empty, undiſcerning people, for whom an illuſtrious name is a burthen, and a ſubject of reproach.

EMILY.

To be ſure.

MOTHER.

You ſee that it is better to be the firſt on a liſt, than to make a blot in one.

EMILY.

That cannot be diſputed. But, Mamma, old *Noël* will not begin a liſt?

MOTHER.

No, he will have no other witneſſes of his virtues than you and me; and our praiſes will never reach poſterity. To render a name illuſtrious may be the noble ambition of a great ſoul; but happily, it is not neceſſary to our felicity. One would even think that happineſs ſeeks to be unknown, and prefers dwelling in the obſcure aſylum of mediocrity.

EMILY.

That was the reaſon the rector told them, that Providence had beſtowed on them content.

MOTHER.

I was juſt going to put you in mind of it, to conſole you in regard to the lot of old *Noël.* I was aſtoniſhed you ſhould ſo ſoon forget it.

EMILY.

And Content, Mamma, is the firſt couſin of Happineſs.

MOTHER.

Right, they are nearly related; there-

fore we may be perfectly easy on account of the situation in which old *Noël* is placed. But our discourse has carried us away from our drawing.

EMILY.

It is no loss of time to chat with you, Mamma.

MOTHER.

And what should we say to the author of this drawing, if he were to have a little chat with us?

EMILY.

First of all, I should say to him, Sir, if you please to place that stool in a corner; let the Dutchess be standing upright, and make it a figure, after the manner of *Raphael*.

MOTHER.

With her back turned toward us, if possible; for, if the figure be greatly characterised, it will be seen in whatever attitude you place it.

EMILY.

I am persuaded of that. I remember the picture we saw together, wherein *Jesus* raises *Lazarus*. He stands on the brink of the grave, we see only his back; but you said to me, Look, *Emily*, that is the principal figure; all his features are hidden, yet the painter has im-

preſſed the figure with the character of divine and ſupernatural power!---That was no eaſy matter, Mamma.

MOTHER.

Real genius ſucceeds generally in every thing it undertakes, even in its ſingularities.

EMILY.

Perhaps it is alſo endowed with ſupernatural power.

MOTHER.

It is like a ſeal which he impreſſes on all his works, he places it where he thinks fit. But what will the author of the drawing ſay to all this?

EMILY.

I do not know. Perhaps he will tell me, the drawing was not made for me; and that I may ſpare myſelf the trouble of criticiſing it.

MOTHER.

That would not be polite, and artiſts generally are ſo. But he may probably ſay to you, Would it not be better firſt to diſcover the beauties of a drawing, a picture, any work of art, in ſhort, before you ſeek out its faults? It requires much ſtudy, and great learning, to diſ-

cover the beauties, while the moſt ſuperficial obſerver eaſily ſees the defects. After which he may perhaps add, Miſs, if you ſhould find an opportunity to communicate this obſervation to your mother, you will oblige me and her too.

EMILY.

The gentleman then gives his advice to the mothers, as well as the daughters?

MOTHER.

When an opportunity offers, and he thinks he can render them ſervice.

EMILY.

Well! I know what I will ſay to appeaſe him.

MOTHER.

Let me hear what it is? for I ſhould be glad to make my peace with him too.

EMILY.

I will tell him, That his drawing brings to my mind a fine picture of Mr. *Greuze*, which my Mamma carried me to ſee laſt winter.

MOTHER.

True; there is an affinity between this drawing and the picture of the charitable lady.

EMILY.

Is that lady the Dutcheſs or the Marchioneſs? I do not know what name to give her; but you will ſay the name is not material. She is ſtanding up, and has an intereſting look. Her daughter ſeems unwilling to draw near the bed. That is owing (you told me her ſecret) to its being the firſt time ſhe ever ſaw ſo melancholy a ſight. But, it is not a woman; it is an old man lying on the couch of Mr. *Greuſe*. How venerable he looks through all his miſery! you told me to look at the ſword that hung againſt the wall, ſaying, It is the only furniture of this miſerable hovel. The old man now lingering in want, muſt have borne arms in his youth, for the defence of his country. And while you were ſaying this, I believe the nun, who had conducted thither, the lady and her daughter, and who had remained at the door, in the back ground, made a ſign to you with her head, as much as to ſay, Madam, you have gueſſed rightly. Is it not a melancholy end for a brave man? But the brave old man, with his venerable countenance, did not mind us; he

quietly ſaid to the benevolent lady, You perform a laudable action in coming to the aſſiſtance of an unfortunate man.

MOTHER.

In that reſpect, it differs from the lady in our drawing, who ſeems to be in great agitation. However, I will aſk Mr. *Greuſe*, next winter, whether he have given you leave to make the figures in his pictures ſpeak; and whether he chooſe the nun ſhould make ſigns with her head to mothers, who are explaining the ſubject to their little girls?

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, you are determined to engage me in diſputes with every body. Are you alſo reſolved not to inform me of the adventure of the Dutcheſs and the poor woman?

MOTHER.

No. Now that you have related it to me, I have only to put the names of the actors; and it would be unjuſt not to give you that trifling ſatisfaction.

EMILY.

Then I hope you will tell me all that the Marchioneſs told you about it?

MOTHER.

That is, all I know about it. But I forewarn you, the ſtory is not gay; and as we are friends to old *Noël*, I do not think it will be right to talk on melancholy ſubjects, on a day when only joy inhabits his dwelling. Beſide, it is late, we muſt think of dining, that we may be ready to receive the bride-folk.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, I will not promiſe you that they will not be here before we have riſen from table.

MOTHER.

In that caſe, we will defer the ſtory to another day. Go, I will be with you in a moment. You have made your wedding preſent. I muſt prepare mine.

NINETEENTH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

OH! Mamma! what a delightful day we have ſpent! It muſt be owned, the Marchioneſs knows how to do the honours of an entertainment.

MOTHER.

Even though the gueſts be villagers.

EMILY.

How attentive ſhe was to every body; and how happy and eaſy they all were!

MOTHER.

Each in his own way, without conſtraint or embarraſment; without loſing ſight, even for a moment, of decorum, in the midſt of familiarity, gaiety, and confuſion of ranks.

EMILY.

How polite, attentive, and obliging are all her people! They may well ſay, "Like maſter, like man."

MOTHER.

I really was never preſent at a more agreeable or intereſting entertainment, for thoſe who were concerned in it.

EMILY.

It did not at all ſurpriſe me. You know that the Marchioneſs is very ſenſible, as every body ſays.

MOTHER.

Therefore, when I ſpeak of thoſe who were concerned in it, I reckon her the firſt. It was very eaſy for her to provide a very brilliant and magnificent entertainment; I own I expected it a little.

EMILY.

Why ſo?

MOTHER.

Becauſe the firſt requiſite toward the ſucceſs of an entertainment is, that the perſon, who gives it, is pleaſed herſelf; and I did not in the leaſt apprehend the Marchioneſs would have been ſo deeply intereſted in hers, and which enſured the ſucceſs of the day.

EMILY.

For my part, I expected to ſpend a very delightful day.

MOTHER.

I doubted it not on your part for a ſingle inſtant. But for a woman who has paſſed her life at Court, and in the great world, to take pleaſure at a village wedding; to ſeem to delight in the buſtle of it, and to be ſo much at home in a company ſo new to her, was, I own, a ſight quite new to me.

EMILY.

It is owing to her kindneſs and benevolence.

MOTHER.

That was the firſt reflection that offered itſelf to my mind. I made another alſo.

EMILY.

Pray tell it me, Mamma?

MOTHER.

The ſimple and pure joys of the country muſt have charms; we ſeek in vain in the ſplendid and brilliant entertainments of the great, ſince a woman of her rank, finds greater ſatisfaction in them.

EMILY.

Do you then think, Mamma, that a faſhionable meeting would not have given her the ſame pleaſure?

MOTHER.

Hardly. I never heard them celebrated for any thing but trouble and fatigue; ſo much are ceremonious aſſemblies dreaded by every one.

EMILY.

I never have yet, thank Heaven, dreaded them.

MOTHER.

Oh! children are wonderfully intrepid on that article.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, what harm can there be in being invited to an entertainment, to a grand wedding, or ſupper, for inſtance?

MOTHER.

Only that of being ſoon tired of it.

EMILY.

How is it poſſible to be tired at an aſſembly which was meant for amuſement?

MOTHER.

By not carrying thither the proper diſpoſitions.

EMILY.

I hope I ſhall carry every where the neceſſary diſpoſition for amuſement.

MOTHER.

While you are faithful to that engagement, few feaſts will be thrown away upon you. But ſuppoſe ſome one to be preſent at an entertainment, without being at all intereſted in what paſſes, or pleaſed with thoſe who are preſent?

EMILY.

In that caſe, what buſineſs has he there? Does he only come to be fatigued?

MOTHER.

To fulfil what we owe to ſociety, and which has been invented to ſupply the place of ſentiment. There are numberleſs frivolous conſiderations that frequently lay us under the neceſſity of doing what is unpleaſing, and for which you gain no one's good-will.

EMILY.

That is fooliſh enough. However, I promiſe you, Mamma, they ſhall never catch me there; and the laws of ſociety will not carry me to an entertainment, without I can carry a ſuitable temper of

mind; I am firmly reſolved to be always intereſted in them; nay, very much intereſted indeed.

MOTHER.

That will be a means of ſhielding you from all perſonal reproach, though it may not ſecure the ſucceſs of the entertainment.

EMILY.

What elſe will be needful?

MOTHER.

All the company muſt carry the ſame diſpoſition. Gaiety may be a little contagious, but wearineſs is ſtill more ſo. Now, if you only meet with people of cold hearts, or thoſe determined not to be amuſed, however intereſted you may be in the ſucceſs of the entertainment, you will not be able to animate them, you will grow languid for want of communication, and inſtead of your diſpoſition for mirth, you will, perhaps, catch their wearineſs.

EMILY.

That would be a bad exchange---Then this ſame wearineſs is a gueſt that is preſent at all entertainments? Was it at my couſin's wedding?

MOTHER.

You were there, and can beſt tell.

EMILY.

It was not at the table of us little folk. We had no other diſpleaſure than that of being ſent away too ſoon, becauſe (I do not know, my dear Mamma, whether you have taken notice of it) every body tries to get rid of children as ſoon as they can.

MOTHER.

If it were preſent at our table, it had not the aſſurance to ſhew itſelf openly; becauſe the greateſt part of the gueſts were really intereſted in the new married folk.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, one finds either one's friends or acquaintance at every entertainment to which one is invited?

MOTHER.

And then we join them and make a party to ourſelves; but it is evidently an act of hoſtility toward the reſt of the company.

EMILY.

That is true. Mr. *Verteuil* ſays, it is contrary to the laws of ſociety. We ought not to go into an aſſembly to ſeparate ourſelves from it.

MOTHER.

Still leſs to attend to ourſelves, examine our dreſs, behave, or talk affectedly on trifles that ſignify nothing.

EMILY.

Do they call that amuſement?

MOTHER.

Yes, it paſſes away the time.

EMILY.

Mamma, I am afraid people in high life have but a tedious time of it. What do you think?

MOTHER.

We will aſk the Marchioneſs, who is obliged to live in it. Perhaps it may be changed for the better. It is ſo long ſince I left it, that I may do it wrong without intending it.

EMILY.

Without meaning to abuſe it, I muſt prefer the entertainment of the Marchioneſs.

MOTHER.

We are at leaſt certain, that notwithſtanding the diverſity of manners and conditions, all who were there, parted ſatiſ-

fied with each other, and pleaſed to have ſpent the day together.

EMILY.

Except, perhaps, that we parted rather too ſoon.

MOTHER.

Phyſicians ſay, we ſhould riſe with an appetite. It is equally ſalutary in regard to amuſement, as well as aliments. We ſhould always anticipate ſatiety.

EMILY.

That was another proof of wiſdom in the Marchioneſs.

MOTHER.

And which had probably a more reſpectable motive.

EMILY.

Pray what motive?

MOTHER.

That of not diſturbing the hours of reſt, of not retarding the repoſe of thoſe, whom the return of day muſt find again at work. To make common people, and particularly country people, keep late hours, is to lead them to idleneſs and diſorder, to corrupt their manners, and take from

them the taſte and the habits neceſſary to their condition.

EMILY.

How pleaſed old *Noël* would be to hear you. He talks in that ſtyle all day long.

MOTHER.

There is always ſomething to be learned from him. You muſt allow his lot not to be the worſt in the world.

EMILY.

Mamma, he brought to my mind, twenty times that day, the paſtorals of Mr. *Geſſner*. I had a great mind to ſay to him, *Palemon*, your children are very worthy; they will be favoured by the gods, though they are not called either *Myrtillo* or *Chloe*.

MOTHER.

Now you put me in mind of it, old *Noël* muſt have a great many relations in Mr. *Geſſner*'s country.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma! What, in *Switzerland?*

MOTHER.

I mean people of his rank, who reſemble him in ſenſe, diſpoſition, and pro-

bity, which is being related by many honourable ſides, as you ſee.

EMILY.

Therefore the Marchioneſs, when ſhe was going to be ceremonious, ſaid to old *Noël*, Notwithſtanding the diſtance of ranks, and the inequality of conditions, there is one line wherein all conditions ought to be blended, and wherein all ranks are confounded. Honour and probity alone have a right to a place in it, and all worthy people ought there to be found, one by another, without diſtinction.

MOTHER.

What anſwer did he make to that?

EMILY.

He ſaid, Madam, if this line place us all upon an equality in the eyes of the Almighty, it is broken, and leaves a long ſpace between the grateful father, and the generous benefactreſs of his children. Then turning toward *Elizabeth*, and taking her by the hand, he ſaid, My child, when I have accompliſhed the decree regiſtered in Heaven of all our deſtinies, it muſt be thine and thy huſband's buſineſs. Whenever thou ſhalt have the happineſs of ſeeing the Marchioneſs, I

would have thee ſay to her, My father died in bleſſing her, whom my children will bleſs from generation to generation.

MOTHER.

That was the moment to have called him father *Palemon*.

EMILY.

Poor *Elizabeth* melted into tears, and I felt my heart riſe to my throat, and almoſt choak me; but I made my eſcape into a corner without being perceived, dried my eyes, and went back again as if nothing had happened.

MOTHER.

Such a reply muſt have proved to you, that our good old *Noël* is always in his proper place; and that the benefactreſs of his children knew how to chooſe hers by placing herſelf by his ſide.

EMILY.

Hence you never remarked, Mamma, how ſhe adapts to each her diſcourſe?

MOTHER.

Except to *Emily*, whom ſhe ſpoiled the whole day, as much as was in her power.

EMILY

True, Mamma, ſhe ſhewed me a thouſand kindneſſes; but I know that it was

not on my own account, but yours---She aſked me, What I thought of the drawing of the poor woman, whoſe hiſtory I am ſtill unacquainted with, and told me, I ſhould have a fine impreſſion of it in an elegant frame, as ſoon as the print comes out. Come, Mamma, this is juſt the right time to tell me the ſtory; and it will finiſh our day in a very agreeable manner; it would not be fit I ſhould be ignorant of it when the print comes.

MOTHER.

Then you are determined to conclude a merry day with a diſmal ſtory?

EMILY.

Since I muſt know it, it will be as well to pull the thorn out of one's ſide ſoon as late.

MOTHER.

Well! that is your buſineſs. I am contented---I ſhall at leaſt be at reſt.

EMILY.

Do you know, Mamma, what we will do? If the ſtory ſhould make us melancholy, we will think of the content of *Stephen Herſelin* and *Elizabeth Noël*,

and ſay, One muſt not expect in this world to find happineſs every where.

MOTHER.

You recollect, that the Dutcheſs * * * acts the principal part in this ſtory. One fine evening laſt autumn, ſhe ſet out with her daughter to ſup in the country.

EMILY.

With the Marchioneſs, perhaps?

MOTHER.

I believe ſo. They had not yet paſſed the turnpike, when, at the corner of a narrow ſtreet, a drunken hackney coachman drove againſt her coach, and broke it to pieces. There was a great tumult in the place. The mob crowded round the broken carriage. They ſecured the offender. The Dutcheſs pardoned him; and while ſhe ſent to her hotel for another carriage, ſhe, with her daughter, went into the ſhop of a cart-wright, in conſequence of an invitation from the maſter of it.

EMILY.

Then they were not hurt?

MOTHER.

Neither of them; very luckily.

EMILY.

Nor any of their people?

MOTHER.

No.

EMILY.

Thank Heaven for that!

MOTHER.

This ſame cart-wright worked for the Dutcheſs, though ſhe knew him not; and the unexpected honour of her viſit, as you may ſuppoſe, made no ſmall buſtle in his ſhop. We have worked, ſaid *James Truchard* to her Grace, for your houſe from father to ſon; he then calls his wife and children, each by their names, to partake the happineſs they owe to a drunkard. Behold them all ſurrounding the Dutcheſs! ſome ſtaring with open mouths, ſome caſting down their eyes, not daring to look at her. A moment after, maſter *Truchard* makes a thouſand excuſes, for not having placed in his beſt cart-houſe an old waggon of her Grace's, who being totally unacquainted with the injury done her, careleſsly aſked him the reaſon of his neglect? "He may be maſter of his own houſe

" that can, replied the cart-wright. For " this fortnight paſt, my cart-houſe has " been let out, I do not know how, I do not " know to whom, and for I do not know " how long. There is, however, an article " in the leaſe that I look upon to be " ſettled; which is, that the rent will be " paid in the next world without a war- " rant or execution. That is not all. " As if on purpoſe to make me fail in " my duty toward your Grace's waggon; " here have I been for this week paſt " following the court. I was told, our " gracious Queen intended to make me " her cart-wright in ordinary. In con- " ſequence of which information, I have " been dancing attendance at *Verſailles*, to " obtain my commiſſion; and this morn- " ing, I ſaid to myſelf, Am I to paſs the " whole week without ſitting down? And " I again came back to *Paris* nearly as " much advanced as before my journey. " God knows when the ſign-painter will " put her Majeſty's arms, and a new in- " ſcription over my ſhop."

EMILY.

But, Mamma, what is the meaning of all this *rig-ma-role* of his warrants, and

dancing attendance, and ſign-painters? Does the Queen know her cart-wright?

MOTHER.

I ſee you ſuſpect maſter *James Truchard* of affecting the great man, and aſſuming airs of conſequence, to inſinuate to the Dutcheſs, without the leaſt affectation, to what a reſpectable perſon ſhe was indebted for the advantage of driving upon the pavement of *Paris*. As a key to the myſtery of the cart-houſe, you muſt know, that his correſpondent at *Angouleme* had addreſſed to him, near ſix months ſince, a young woman with three children, and had recommended her in the following terms:

" I hereby recommend to you Mrs. " *Preindle*, who goes to *Paris* on bu- " ſineſs. If you can lodge her, you will " oblige me. She is not in a ſituation " to be at any great expence, but will " be ſatisfied with a ſmall apartment, and " ordinary diet. Finally, ſhe is induſ- " trious, and very good-natured; and " her children are not noiſy."

EMILY.

Well, but Mamma, what has that to do with the waggon, and the cart-houſe?

MOTHER.

Maſter *Truchard*, to do honour to the recommendation of his correſpondent, offers Mrs. *Preindle*, notwithſtanding the anxiety, diffidence, and reſerve, he remarked in her, a very ſmall apartment, and a very ſpare ordinary. She at firſt accepted it with earneſtneſs and gratitude. Whilſt they were ſettling her in her little apartment, her prating landlord informed her, He was cart-wright to the Dutcheſs of * * *. She changed colour at the information, and immediately told the cart-wright, ſhe could not accept his offer; that ſhe ſhould be at too great a diſtance from her buſineſs; gathered together, and packed up her luggage; and diſappeared with her children.

EMILY.

Mamma, the ſtory begins to be intereſting.

MOTHER.

It was not ſo to maſter *Truchard*, who, when ſhe was gone, thought no more of her.

EMILY.

Probably thoſe of his trade are not ſo fond of ſuch ſtories as I am.

MOTHER.

When the accident happened to the

Dutcheſs's coach, Mrs. *Preindle*, and her three children, were come back again to *Truchard*'s, and had been there a fortnight, but ſo diſtreſſed! in ſuch a miſerable ſtate of health and circumſtances, that any man, but maſter *Truchard*, would have pitied them.

EMILY.

Are cart-wrights hard-hearted, or compaſſionate?

MOTHER.

I know not, my dear; I hope there are good as well as bad in that employment as well as in every other. But ſuch as are in ſituations that continually expoſe them to behold ſights of human woe, and from which, hard labour alone can preſerve themſelves; it is to be feared, their hearts grow as callous as the wood, or the iron which they are accuſtomed to handle; and that there is but little room for commiſeration.

EMILY.

Mamma, I believe poor Mrs. *Preindle* found no great advantage in being introduced there?

MOTHER.

With a ghaſtly countenance, ſhe entreated maſter *Truchard* to afford her an

aſylum for a few days only, promiſing not to be a trouble to him for any length of time; and that he ſhould not hear any thing of her, for the time ſhe remained there, provided ſhe could be unknown and private. She was no further explicit reſpecting her ſituation; and the more preſſing it ſeemed to be, the leſs curioſity the cart-wright expreſſed to be made acquainted with it.

EMILY.

Why ſo, I wonder? That was a reaſon for endeavouring to get acquainted with what ſhe wiſhed to conceal.

MOTHER.

Moſt certainly, when one has the wiſh and the power to aſſiſt thoſe in diſtreſs; but, perhaps, maſter *Truchard* might want both; all he deſired was, to oblige his correſpondent. The fact is, he had a great many children of his own, and his wife was near lying-in. It was not therefore till after many objections on his part, that he conſented to eſtabliſh Mrs. *Preindle* and her three children for a few days in his covered cart-houſe, not having at preſent any other apartment to offer her; and to do the thing in a handſome manner, he furniſhed the cart-

houſe with two old couches, covered with a little ſtraw, an old table, a pitcher for water, a baſon, and an old ſtool or two.

EMILY.

Very handſome, indeed.

MOTHER.

In relating this minute account to the Dutcheſs, maſter *Truchard* aſſured her, that except her waggon not being under cover, he had no reaſon to repent of his charity; that the woman put him to no kind of inconvenience; that ſhe ſometimes ſtole along the paſſage in a morning, but ſoon returned to her children; that all was quiet the remainder of the day; and that in going his rounds of an evening, he always looked through the key-hole, but never ſaw any light. He only wiſhed to ſee her quit the place, after being ſo hoſpitably treated, which he flattered himſelf would ſoon be, as the rector of St. *Euſtache* had made enquiry concerning the woman, which led him to ſuppoſe ſhe would ſoon come to the pariſh; and he purpoſed going the

next day to the rector, to complete this good work.

EMILY.

Ah! Mamma! I am ſo happy. If the rector of St. *Euſtache* have taken up the affair, I look upon Mrs. *Preindle* as ſaved. If ſhe were acquainted with us, ſhe would tell us, It was a good thing to be his pariſhioner; and I would make anſwer, My good woman, the whole pariſh are of the ſame opinion; and my Mamma and I often ſay ſo in our evening chat.

MOTHER.

I thank you for not leaving me out. You muſt needs think the Dutcheſs was impatient to ſee one who grew pale at the mention of her name, and deſired the cart-wright immediately to open the ſhed that ſerved her for a dwelling, which ſhe entered with her daughter.

EMILY.

Thank Heaven for that! We ſhall at laſt know what we have to depend upon reſpecting this Mrs. *Preindle*. We could never have known the truth of the ſtory from the cart-wright.

MOTHER.

The proſpect on entering was terrible. It preſented on all ſides the moſt extreme miſery. The children appeared to have ſuffered from hunger; the mother extended on an old couch, whence ſhe had not riſen for two days for want of ſtrength, was ſinking under a violent fever. The Dutcheſs could not reſtrain the firſt emotion of indignation againſt her cartwright; and, turning to him, ſeverely reproached him for his inhumanity, in ſuffering to periſh, in his houſe, a whole family for want. Maſter *Truchard* threw the blame on his attention to buſineſs, his journey to court, the delay of his appointment, but principally on the woman herſelf, who, far from making him acquainted with her diſtreſs, had never once aſked his aſſiſtance.

EMILY.

Mamma, I am afraid I ſhall hate this maſter *Truchard*. If I had the honour of ſpeaking to the Queen, I would ſay to her, Your Majeſty likes not people of bad hearts, therefore pray, do not let *James Truchard* have the honour of ſerving you.

MOTHER.

The revolution that ſucceeded this firſt interview, was ſtill more extraordinary. The unexpected arrival of the company, and the noiſe they made, reſtored the ſick perſon to her ſtrength, and her miſery. She made an effort to ſit upright, and looked around her with bewildered eyes, when, caſting them toward the Dutcheſs, and ſeeming to recollect her, ſhe ſcreamed, and fell back ſenſeleſs. On her recovery from a long fainting fit, ſhe ſaid, with a trembling dying voice, Come hither my children, throw yourſelves at her Grace's feet, and entreat her not to deprive you of a mother who has never offended her; at that moment, one of the Dutcheſs's people, who had followed his miſtreſs, exclaimed, Good Heaven! it is *Cecily!* The Dutcheſs ordered every body to withdraw except her daughter. Not comprehending any thing ſhe had heard, not even recollecting the perſon who had been ſo terrified at her preſence, notwithſtanding the exclamation of her footman, ſhe employed every tender, kind expreſſion to calm, and comfort her.

EMILY.

Ah! Mamma! that is the time of the action of the picture. It is the Dutcheſs conſoling the poor woman.

MOTHER.

Is it you, *Cecily?* ſaid ſhe. In what a ſituation do I again behold you! Unhappy woman! Can you have been ſix months in *Paris*, without thinking of applying to me? Then perceiving her affliction was redoubled, and her anxiety increaſed at theſe words, ſhe again aſſured her, that ſhe had been doubtleſs conducted thither by Providence, and that, far from having any deſign to injure her, ſhe wiſhed only to relieve and ſave her.

EMILY.

Now, Mamma, the Dutcheſs is beforehand with me. Who is then this *Cecily?*

MOTHER.

She was called *Cecilia Frênel*, the companion of her infancy, the daughter of her Governeſs, whoſe ſervices had been rewarded by a conſiderable annuity, and the ſuperintendence of one of their country-ſeats in *Angouleme*.

EMILY.

Now I am more perplexed than before. What can one think of this *Cecily Frênel?* May one ſafely take an intereſt in her ſtory? If ſhe be ſo much afraid of the Dutcheſs, ſhe muſt have offended her.

MOTHER.

I will relieve your uncertainty, by relating her ſtory in a few words.

A pleaſing countenance, and a mild diſpoſition, rendered *Cecily Frênel* dear to every one in her infancy. Notwithſtanding the difference of a few years, the Dutcheſs was extremely fond of her, and this circumſtance was the mean of her being educated in a manner ſuperior to her rank. When the Dutcheſs married, *Anaſtaſie Frênel*, mother to *Cecily*, ſolicited and obtained the reward ſhe deſired, and retired into her native province. In the mean time, the Dutcheſs, who was to paſs the firſt years of her marriage at court, with her mother-in-law, left not the companion of her childhood without regret, and promiſed to ſend for her as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be ſettled in her own houſe. But Fate had determined otherwiſe.

EMILY.

That is plain; becauſe we now ſee her lodged in a cart-houſe.

MOTHER.

Cecily's mother was one of thoſe characters too commonly found in inferior ſtations. Inſinuating and compliable with her ſuperiors, ſhe made herſelf amends for her ſubmiſſion, by retorting it on thoſe whoſe lot it was to depend on her. Naturally imperious, ſevere, and haughty, ſhe was unhappy enough to be jealous of the tenderneſs the Dutcheſs expreſſed for her daughter. Poor *Cecily* was therefore far from happy with ſuch a mother, who knew no other pleaſure but the gratification of her ambition; and, at her arrival at her reſidence, it was all centred in the project of finding an advantageous match for her daughter. *Cecily*'s mind and perſon raiſed her expectations in this reſpect, independently of the protection of her benefactreſs. She ſoon threw her eyes on the ſteward of the Count ***, who had great poſſeſſions in the province. This man enjoyed the confidence of his maſter, and was as formidable to the whole canton, as he was ſkilful in bringing to light, every day, ſome parchment or other from the

records of the Count. He had already ſtripped ſeveral of his neighbours of their poſſeſſions. Whenever he was complimented on the beauty and extent of the park belonging to the principal eſtate, Ah! cried he, it was not made ſo without pains; one has many an obſtinate man to deal with. No end to law-ſuits; one time we have to turn the water from their land; ſend the game to feed at their diſcretion in the paſtures of another; in ſhort, invent a thouſand little ways to bring about our ſchemes.

EMILY.

Do you like that man, Mamma? He is worſe than *James Truchard.*

MOTHER.

He was, however, the man deſtined by *Anaſtaſie Frênel,* to be the huſband of her child; and as the moſt ſavage hearts ſometimes ſubmit to the empire of beauty, the charms of *Cecily* had made a deep impreſſion on the obdurate and unfeeling ſoul of this *chicaneur** by profeſſion.

EMILY.

Then ſhe owes the beautiful name of *Preindle* to this man? I no longer won-

* A litigious man.

der ſhe ſhould be unhappy through her fault, or that of another.

MOTHER.

You run on faſter than *Cecily Frênel.* Whilſt her mother's ambition would have diſpoſed of her in favour of the Count's ſteward, love had diſpoſed of her heart in favour of a young man in the neighbourhood, named *Baruel.* This young man, cultivated, and lived on a ſmall eſtate, left him by his father. He was not rich; but liberty and independence, the uſual companions of honeſt poverty, made him prefer his lot to the moſt brilliant deſtiny. His virtues and prudence made him loved and revered by the whole canton. He knew not his want of riches till he knew *Cecily.* She inſpired him with the tendereſt affection; and he now, for the firſt time, ſighed for gold.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! let us contrive their union! Is then this vile money always wanting to happineſs? Beſide, if we ſpeak to the Dutcheſs, ſhe will certainly do ſomething for the companion of her youth.

MOTHER.

The mother ſhould have been perſuaded to do what was right; but ſhe thought more highly of the terror this rich and formidable *chicaneur* inſpired, than the general eſteem enjoyed by a deſerving young man; becauſe he was poor, and of little conſequence. Nothing could overcome her repugnance.

EMILY.

Oh! what a hateful woman! You muſt grant we are got into tolerably bad company.

MOTHER.

It is your own fault. Did I not adviſe you not to leave the ſociety of the Marchioneſs? You would not believe me. ---It is now in my power to diſſolve you into tears, by drawing a picture of *Cecily*'s miſery; but I will ſpare your ſenſibility. It is ſufficient to inform you, that ſhe, after long and cruel ſufferings, having reſiſted with firmneſs, and unabating patience, the projected marriage of her mother, at length found a protector in an uncle ſhe had in the ſame province. He not only effected her union with *Baruel*, but extorted the conſent of her mother; ſhe granted it; but being as

vindictive and arrogant, as she was ambitious, she never would see her daughter after the day of her marriage, and nourished in her heart an implacable hatred toward her.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! what a mother!

MOTHER.

From that moment, she incessantly laboured to ruin her in the esteem of the Dutchess, by representing her conduct under a feigned sorrow, in the most detestable colours of ingratitude and disobedience; and if she did not succeed to her wishes in her design, she persuaded her daughter of her success, and that the Dutchess could not hear her mentioned without expressing her indignation. This insinuation was more fatal to *Cecily Baruel* than all her other machinations; it prevented her writing to her benefactress, who thinking herself neglected, in time totally forgot a young person she had so tenderly loved.

EMILY.

Now her torments are over, and her

misfortunes begun, which I ſuppoſe brought her to the cart-houſe. Oh! Mamma! ſhe had reaſon to weep on the day of her marriage. What a terrible curtain had ſhe to raiſe!

MOTHER.

Notwithſtanding the firſt years of her marriage were happy, and paſſed in peace, ſhe boaſted of the calm ſhe enjoyed after ſo many ſtorms. Her fortune, it is true, was but moderate; but her tender attachment to her huſband ſupplied the place of riches; and being both ſober, induſtrious, and diligent in every duty, might induce one to believe, that if happineſs inhabit any part of this globe, ſhe had made choice of their humble retreat for an aſylum. They, little by little, forgot the world; and the idea that had ſo often troubled *Cecily*, when firſt ſhe was married, of living in a manner, within ſight of her unjuſtly offended mother, without daring to pay her duty to her, was inſenſibly weakened and effaced in the midſt of that ſweet and peaceful enjoyment of domeſtic felicity.

EMILY.

Perhaps that is not the beſt part of her ſtory.

MOTHER.

Become the mother of three children, ſhe every day adored Providence for his favours, and ſuſpected not the cataſtrophe that threatened her.

EMILY.

Oh! pray tell me what it was!

MOTHER.

The Count's ſteward was too much employed in various and important buſineſs to think of her. During the firſt ſix months of her marriage, ſhe reckoned it not the leaſt of her bleſſings, that ſhe was forgotten by this formidable man.

EMILY.

And ſo did I. I hoped to hear nothing more of him. What was the name of this horrid man?

MOTHER.

The ſtory does not inform us, and I aſſure you, I made no enquiry reſpecting it. Do you not find a relief in being unacquainted with the names of wicked, and miſchievous people? Methinks we are the further removed from them.

EMILY.

Oh! may we ever remain ſo, Mamma.

MOTHER.

He never forgot any one; he was methodical, even in his averſions; and, as he never wanted objects, and enjoyed by anticipation the injuries he meditated, he was not in haſte to execute them. It was not, therefore, till he had finiſhed, as he ſaid, the labours of the eaſtern canton; that is to ſay, till he had tormented and oppreſſed with law-ſuits, that part of the province, in his maſter's name; that he recollected the contempt of *Cecily Baruel*, and reſolved to begin his work on the weſtern ſide, where the ſmall poſſeſſions of her huſband lay.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma!

MOTHER.

But he concealed his deſign of vengeance under a ſpecious appearance of generoſity. He firſt propoſed to *Baruel*, to cede his heritage to the Count, who wiſhed to incloſe it in his *Engliſh* garden. This was attacking *Baruel* on the weak ſide. He was attached to his little ſpot

beyond expreſſion; and, ſince he had there enjoyed every felicity which human nature is capable of taſting, he would have thought it impious, and worthy of Divine puniſhment, to conſent to quit it in compliance with the ſteward's propoſal. He refuſed, therefore, to liſten to any terms; which was juſt what his enemy expected. His parchments were ready to prove, that his little patrimony, which had always paſſed for freehold (that is) free of any ſubjection to other land, was redevable annually to the principal eſtate of his maſter. The ſuit was commenced; and from that moment, trouble, anxiety, and calamities of every kind, were the portion of a family hitherto ſo happy.

EMILY.

Why ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

The law-ſuit was of long continuance. Mr. *Baruel* was obliged to contract debts to carry it on, and to make ſeveral journeys to *Paris*. It was plainly foreſeen, that ſhould he even gain the cauſe, he would be inevitably ruined; but, to conclude, he loſt it.

EMILY.

How! loſt it, Mamma? Is there then no juſtice in *France?* Is not the King diſpleaſed when any of his ſubjects are oppreſſed?

MOTHER.

Since juſtice decided in favour of the Count, he, no doubt, had right on his ſide; but *Baruel*'s father had, nevertheleſs, purchaſed his little territory, believing it freehold. The former poſſeſſor of the Count's principal eſtate living at Court, and never going into the country, not having, in fine, a ſteward of the ſame character as this *chicaneur*, had extremely neglected his rights; and many claims are loſt in this manner. A holder of lands, who makes it his buſineſs to revive them rigorouſly, as far as the law will authoriſe him, may have juſtice on his ſide; but humanity will never be of his party.

EMILY.

I am very ſure, that Mr. *Elias Godard*, who tired my patience ſo much, when I was little, has no old parchments in ſtore to torment other people with; I think,

my Papa would not ſuffer it. Beſide, we know our bailiff's name, and we have no reaſon to wiſh to be ignorant of it; to be ſure, he is a little tedious, but he is not wicked.

MOTHER.

The ancients have a proverb, which ſays, that juſtice carried to an extreme becomes injuſtice. And ſince the moſt mild and uſeful virtues of ſociety require to be tempered by each other, to prevent their running into extremes, there is a ſtronger reaſon, why the juſtice we exerciſe toward others for the maintenance of our rights, that is, for our particular advantage, ought to be preſcribed within due limits, if it would preſerve its name, and eſcape cenſure.

EMILY.

I know it, Mamma. You have told me ſo; we are like muſical inſtruments, which, to be in tune, muſt be properly modified---Am I in tune, Mamma?

MOTHER.

Sometimes. Yet the very beſt inſtruments require conſtant attention, to prevent their being out of tune.

EMILY.

I am ſenſible of that alſo. When the maſter is ill, the inſtrument is put by in a corner, and is in danger of being ſpoiled; is it not?---But what became of poor Mr. *Baruel?*

MOTHER.

You may now eaſily imagine the diſaſters that befel him and his unhappy family. The ſum of money he was obliged to pay, in conſequence of the deciſion of the law-ſuit, far exceeded all he poſſeſſed in the world; and the impoſſibility of diſcharging the debts contracted to carry it on, completed his ruin. His little domain was ſeized and ſold, and the deteſted ſteward made a good bargain of it for his maſter. His other creditors, loſing all hope of being paid, had *Baruel* arreſted at *Paris*; and now behold him an inſolvent debtor in priſon.

EMILY.

Good Heaven! Is it poſſible the innocent can be ſo treated?

MOTHER.

At this fatal news, Mrs. *Baruel* ſet out with her three children. Some charitable

perſons made a ſubſcription, to enable her to perform her journey to *Paris*, to endeavour to move, by her diſtreſs, the commiſeration of thoſe who had deprived her huſband of his liberty. Her unnatural mother, who enjoyed, as well as the ſteward, what ſhe termed the vengeance of Heaven on ungrateful children, by another act of cruelty, rendered this project uſeleſs. She addreſſed ſeveral anonymous letters to her, informing her, that the Dutcheſs, knowing of her journey to *Paris*, would, on her arrival, have her confined; and that an order for that purpoſe was already obtained. Theſe barbarous inſinuations kept her unhappy daughter in continual alarms, and deprived her of the courage neceſſary to extricate her from her deplorable ſituation.

EMILY.

Which was the cauſe of her trembling even at the name of the Dutcheſs.

MOTHER.

And alſo of her taking a falſe name, when at *Paris*. You have ſeen with what precipitation ſhe fled the firſt time from the cart-wright's houſe. The ſame, terror deprived her of the power of waiting on the creditors, as the wife of the un-

fortunate *Baruel*, and of the moſt effectual means of ſoftening them; ſhe called herſelf his ſiſter; ſaid ſhe was a widow with three children, without a livelihood. She ſeldom dared even to enjoy the melancholy conſolation of viſiting her huſband in his captivity. Wherever ſhe went, ſhe imagined ſhe was obſerved, ſhould be diſcovered, torn from her children, and confined in ſome diſtant convent, in a private manner.

EMILY.

Poor unhappy creature! But where did ſhe paſs the nights with her three children?

MOTHER.

She had made uſe of another letter of recommendation to a milliner at the Palace. There ſhe worked from morning till night, with her eldeſt daughter, to get bread for them all; and, as ſhe was extremely clever in the buſineſs, this woman ſoon diſcovered the advantage of having her with her, without thinking of making her a ſuitable recompence. By little and little, all ſhe had was gone, without her being able to perceive an end to her miſeries. One day, being more oppreſſed than uſual, the milliner,

to whom ſhe had entruſted her calamities, not only offered liberty to her huſband, but a happy and eaſy living for herſelf and children. She only required one condition; but that one ſo terrified Mrs. *Baruel*, that ſhe quitted the milliner with the ſame precipitation ſhe had done the cart-wright.

EMILY.

What was the condition then?

MOTHER.

The ſtory does not ſay; but you know the reſt. Not knowing where to lay her head, ſhe returned with her three children, to the cart-wright's, more than half diſtracted. She was ſoon ſeized with a violent fever; you have ſeen her on the point of expiring for want of aſſiſtance, and, at length, miraculouſly ſaved.

EMILY.

Indeed, Mamma, you may well ſay miraculouſly.

MOTHER.

See, on what trifles our miſerable being depends! On what the preſervation of this unfortunate creature! The wick-

edneſs of her mother alienates her from the only ſupport ſhe had on earth. She is induced to avoid, as her moſt inveterate enemy, the only perſon who had the power and the will to relieve her miſery. Had it not been for the drunken coachman, this perſon, who alone could ſave her, would have paſſed, without knowing it, near the hovel where ſhe was expiring. Had this drunken coachman broken the carriage of her benefactreſs to pieces, two hundred paces on one ſide or other of the cart-wright's ſhop, the accident to which ſhe owed her life would have been uſeleſs to her. Nay more, had it not been for the old waggon, and the ſtreſs laid by the cart-wright on its being improperly ſituated, this perſon, ſo neceſſary to the preſervation of *Cecily*, would have waited more than an hour in the court, and at the door of the hovel where ſhe was ſo greatly wanted, and have gone away without knowing it. Let us again ſuppoſe, that the cart-wright had been leſs communicative, or that the Dutcheſs, inſtead of careleſsly blaming him for a neglect of little importance, in her opinion, had been tired of his prating, and have told him to ſettle that matter with her people; the ſame improbability of

aſſiſtance would have ſubſiſted. On what then did the preſervation of this unfortunate woman depend, for whom you are ſo much intereſted? on a fortuitous concourſe of a crowd of circumſtances, ſtrange and trifling in appearance, one of which being omitted or changed, would have rendered it impoſſible.

EMILY.

Oh! Mamma! why will you leave me without any conſolation? Is it not dreadful that innocence ſhould be plunged into ſuch an abyſs? Would you take from them all hope of extricating themſelves from it?

MOTHER.

On the contrary, Mrs. *Baruel* is a proof, methinks, that innocence extricates itſelf from the abyſs; and that it ought never to deſpair of aſſiſtance. I alſo hope that you are ſenſible how moderate we ought to be in our enjoyment of happineſs, ſince no one knows what to-morrow may bring forth.

EMILY.

Oh! what a dreadful proſpect does the future preſent us with! if we draw aſide the curtain that conceals it.

MOTHER.

We may ſay, Happy are thoſe who are

poſſeſſed of courage, ſtrength, fortitude, conſtancy, and reſignation; for how little ſoever life may be prolonged, they will find opportunities of exerciſing them.

EMILY.

I am very ſorry I preſſed you to tell me the ſtory. I wiſh I could forget it, or rather, I wiſh I never had heard it.

MOTHER.

I reproach myſelf for my weakneſs in yielding to your ſolicitations this evening. It has coſt you ſome tears---

EMILY.

It may juſtly be ſaid, that wiſdom ſeldom accompanies children for any length of time.

MOTHER.

Since the evil is without remedy, I flatter myſelf, that you at leaſt ſo far depend on the Dutcheſs's goodneſs as to be eaſy reſpecting the fate of Mr. and Mrs. *Baruel.*

EMILY.

Pray, Mamma, tell me that to comfort me.

MOTHER.

In the firſt place, the Dutcheſs thought

no more of ſupping in the country. She had Mrs. *Baruel* carried that very evening to her houſe, and her cares ſoon re-eſtabliſhed her health. She now had no other anxiety than that of preſerving her from the effects of her happineſs.

EMILY.

How ſo, Mamma?

MOTHER.

The following day the Dutcheſs was employed in procuring the liberty of her huſband, by paying his debts. The phyſicians, with reaſon, dreaded the meeting of the huſband and wife. Mrs. *Baruel* was ſtill too weak to quit her bed, when her huſband entered the room; every precaution had been taken to prepare her for this affecting ſcene, and ſhe had promiſed to behave with all the moderation that was required of her; but the efforts ſhe made to keep her word were almoſt fatal to her. To the violence ſhe did herſelf by reſtraining her emotion, ſucceeded dreadful convulſions; the fever returned with greater violence than ever; and ſix weeks elapſed before Mrs. *Baruel* could be ſaid to be perfectly reſtored to her huſband and children.

EMILY.

I hope ſhe is quite well now, Mamma? Shall we ſee her at *Paris* next winter.

MOTHER.

Laſt year her benefactreſs ſent her back to *Angouleme* with her huſband and family. There having provided them with every neceſſary, ſhe purchaſed for her in her own domains, an eſtate of four times the value of that which had been taken from them. It was entirely free from every incumbrance, and made freehold with great ſolemnity. The Dutcheſs, at the ſame time, promiſed to give their daughter a fortune, whenever her father ſhould find a man worthy to partake the happineſs of ſuch a family. Their return to *Angouleme* wore an air of triumph; the whole province was glad to receive them; and that nothing might be wanting (for the misfortunes of the wicked are regarded as a public good) the ſteward broke his back in a fall from a horſe a little time before, and his appearance no longer threatened ruin to any one.

EMILY.

I was going to ſay, Heaven be praiſed;

but I believe it would not be right.--And, Mamma, what became of *Anaſtaſie?*

MOTHER.

The Dutcheſs would never forgive her, notwithſtanding the ſupplications of her daughter. She diſmiſſed her from the caſtle, and gave her a very moderate income, on conſideration that ſhe retired into a convent out of the province, that ſhe might there lead a life of penitence for the faults ſhe had been guilty of.

EMILY.

One ſhould not, I believe, wiſh evil to any one; but ſince juſtice is done, I am happy. They need only behave well, and they will be ſure to be rewarded by the Dutcheſs.

MOTHER.

And perhaps there is no great evil in meditated miſchief being puniſhed.

EMILY.

Ah! Mamma! when I have got the print, I ſhall look on it with very different eyes, now I know every circumſtance of the dreadful ſtory.

MOTHER.

A ſet of intereſting prints might be made from the different incidents; I be-

lieve indeed it will be done, and Mrs. *Baruel* hopes to have, in time, all thoſe original deſigns to adorn her happy manſion, and to bring to her children's minds the frequent remembrance of *James Truchard*'s cart-houſe.

EMILY.

And I alſo hope to have a ſet of the prints in my manſion, to bring to my remembrance, the ſtory that ſpoiled a delightful day. But thank Heaven, all is well now; I may go to-bed and ſleep ſoundly; only I am not determined whether I ſhall lie with my head high or low to-night.

MOTHER.

What has that to do with Mrs. *Baruel*'s ſtory?

EMILY.

Becauſe I do not know whether I ſhall dream to-night or not. On one ſide, old *Noël* and the wedding may afford me much pleaſure; but then Mr. and Mrs. *Baruel*, and above all, that *Anaſtaſie Frênel*, and the ſteward, may cauſe terrible dreams.

MOTHER.

Then do you dream or not as you like?

EMILY.

To be ſure, Mamma. When I feel myſelf comfortable in the evening, I lie with my head low, and then I have pleaſant dreams; when, on the contrary, I am vexed or unhappy, I lie with my head high, that I may not dream.

MOTHER.

And does this precaution anſwer your purpoſe?

EMILY.

I ſhould have been greatly to be pitied during your dreadful illneſs, if I had not known this ſecret. It ſaved me many miſerable nights.

MOTHER.

In that caſe, the beſt way will be not to dream to-night. As misfortunes make a deep impreſſion, I fear thoſe of Mrs. *Baruel* may efface from your imagination the happineſs we have been witneſs to this day.

EMILY.

You are right, Mamma; we will keep on the ſafe ſide. We will ſleep without dreaming, to prevent confuſion, and to-morrow we will think only of the happineſs

of the little family in *Angouleme*---Mamma, which do you think the happieſt of the two, the Dutcheſs, or Mrs. *Barucl?*

MOTHER.

That, my love, is a queſtion ſomewhat difficult to anſwer. If you take my advice, we will ſleep upon it, and to-morrow you will furniſh me with a proper anſwer.

TWENTIETH CONVERSATION.

EMILY.

WHAT a quantity of flowers you have, Mamma! Are you going to ſell noſegays?

MOTHER.

At any rate theſe will not make my head ache.

EMILY.

I plainly ſee they are artificial. This is not the ſeaſon for flowers. What do you intend to do with them?

MOTHER.

Your aunt ſent them to me. She deſires I would chooſe ſome for *Emily*; becauſe ſhe ſuppoſes *Emily* will dance tomorrow.

EMILY.

My aunt is very kind; I deſire you will thank her, Mamma, and aſſure her

of my reſpect; but I have heard nothing about a ball. It is true, to-morrow will be a great day. When I riſe, in the morning, I ſhall be no longer a child; I ſhall be more than ten years old.

MOTHER.

By three or four hours.

EMILY.

No matter; thoſe years are paſſed.

MOTHER.

You are right; and are paſſed never to return. So that if you have ſpent them well, it will be happy for you; if, on the contrary, you have ſquandered them away, the evil is without remedy.

EMILY.

Juſt ſo, my dear Mamma, was I ſaying in my own little mind, as I came in. I dare not flatter myſelf, that I have ſpent them well; but I hope at leaſt they are not entirely loſt.

MOTHER.

So do I---Now we muſt celebrate this great day, which makes one period in your life.

EMILY.

Oh! to be ſure. Who is it calls this

a day of limitation? Behold, infancy is behind us.

MOTHER.

We at leaſt advance with haſty ſteps toward its concluſion; and adoleſcence comes to meet us.

EMILY.

Two luſtres complete! as Mr. *Gerceuil* ſays.

MOTHER.

Speaking poetically.

EMILY.

He ſaid to me juſt now, Do you know then, you were born on the ſame day of the year with one of the firſt men of your age, or rather ours, to which you do not belong. He was but fifteen luſtres when you came into the world.

MOTHER.

To convince me of the progreſs you have made in arithmetic, can you make a calculation in proſe of the number of years?

EMILY.

Oh! yes; I can, Mamma. He was ſeventy-four years old, when I was but ſeventy-four minutes.

MOTHER.

Then he wanted one year of his fifteenth luſtre?

EMILY.

Juſt ſo, Mamma.

MOTHER.

And how old is he now?

EMILY.

He is eighty-four, and I am ten.

MOTHER.

May you reckon together yet a long time! I thought to-morrow would be a day of rejoicing to you and me only; but this anniverſary makes it a day of public rejoicing, for the birth of a great man is, in the firſt place, a laudable ſubject of pride for his nation; and in the next, a ſubject of joy and gratitude to thoſe who really are intereſted in the welfare of mankind.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma! what ſhall we do to-morrow?

MOTHER.

Your aunt ſuppoſes you would like to dance, as it is carnival time. Were it alſo the ſummer ſeaſon, a *Ball Champêtre*

would ſoon be ſettled, and we ſhould not want artificial flowers. But, in the middle of *February*, it is a more ſerious affair; you do not dance well enough for a ball in town.

EMILY.

I know I do not dance ſo well as Miſs *Gernance*; but that is nothing; amongſt us brats, we do not take notice which jumps the beſt or the worſt.

MOTHER.

Then we have only to invite a company of little ones, that we will not let into the ſecret of the ſolemnity of the day.

EMILY.

Unleſs mention be made of the public rejoicing. But to tell you the truth, my dear Mamma, I believe I ſhall not be much diſpoſed to dance to-morrow.

MOTHER.

Why not?

EMILY.

I do not know. Perhaps it is on account of what you call the ſolemnity of the day.

MOTHER.

How then would you celebrate ſo ſolemn a day?

EMILY.

Stay; ſuppoſe we do one thing?

MOTHER.

What is it?

EMILY.

Suppoſe you order your door to be ſhut, and let us paſs the day together, *tête-à-tête*; that would be charming!

MOTHER.

To me it would; but it would be like every other day; there would be nothing new in that. I fear the day would appear tedious to you?

EMILY.

No, indeed. I defy you to imagine any thing that could afford me ſo much pleaſure.

MOTHER.

In that caſe, the preparations for the entertainment will not take much time. But what ſhall we do all day long?

EMILY.

We will do as we did in the country

where we have paſſed three or four days running, *tête-à-tête*.

MOTHER.

In the country it is very different; the days are never too long. We have ſo much to do in ſo many places, and ſo many different occupations, that we can ſcarcely find time even for walking. But at *Paris* in a winter's day!---

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, you are afraid of its being tedious. It is not my fault, if my Papa and my brothers are abſent.

MOTHER.

Neither is it mine; but your own experience muſt have already ſhewn you, there is no dependance on man; that they belong to the public, rather than to their families; that they have no ſooner paſſed the age of childhood, than at their entrance into the world, they are obliged to go wherever their duty calls them.

EMILY.

Oh! what a vile thing is war! I have ſaid ſo a thouſand times; how can men, who are ſo civil and polite in ſociety, be

ſo cruel as to kill one another, without even having ſeen one another before.

MOTHER.

It often happens, becauſe nations are neither more wiſe, more juſt, nor more moderate toward their equals, than turbulent, reſtleſs, or paſſionate people are toward their fellow citizens. In ſociety, injuſtice is reſtrained by laws; but what can a whole nation do when wronged? It muſt repulſe injuſtice and wrong by force.

EMILY.

And they muſt kill one another on that account! Very fine, indeed!

MOTHER.

You ſee we have a more eaſy part to act. The weakneſs of the ſex, and the narrow ſphere of our little abilities, confine us to the practice of domeſtic duties alone; and by fulfilling them, we diſcharge all that ſociety expects from us.

EMILY.

Provided we remain without our Papas and brothers.

MOTHER.

Indeed we ſhall very much want your Papa and brothers to-morrow.

EMILY.

Beſide that, we want them every day.

MOTHER.

Yet, though their duty remove them from us, happily they are not as yet expoſed to the chances of war.

EMILY.

Well! that is ſome comfort, to be ſure.

MOTHER.

And ſince it is our lot to live in ſolitude, it is on your account alone I apprehend the day will ſeem tedious; the celebration of which ſeemed to promiſe you ſome amuſement.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, muſt ſuch a day be ſpent in amuſement?

MOTHER.

Indeed, I think it more ſolemn than gay.

EMILY.

It inſpires reflection; does it not? And therefore what is paſſed will come into your head whether you will or not.

One alſo draws a little the curtain aſide that conceals the future. Since you talked of this dreadful curtain, I aſſure you, it has not been out of my thoughts. I have it continually before my eyes. Only think then, my dear Mamma, what a deal of buſineſs to do in one day!

MOTHER.

I cannot ſurely blame you for regarding the limits of childhood, and the approach toward adoleſcence, in this ſerious point of view; and I begin to think, that it would be better to dance on any other day than when you have completed your tenth year.

EMILY.

Do you alſo begin to think, that we ſhall be too buſy to find time hanging heavily on our hands?

MOTHER.

Indeed I do. To reflect ever ſo ſlightly on the paſt, would take up a long day, without carrying our reſearches into the future, the uncertainty of which cannot be reflected on without anxiety.

EMILY.

In that caſe, if we have not done during the day, we can converſe from

our beds; for, thank Heaven, mine is no longer in the *frontiers*, but in your own bed-chamber. Do you not call that taking poſſeſſion?

MOTHER.

It is called in public right, a downright uſurpation, performed partly by ſtratagem, and partly by violence, as moſt wars are begun. Had it not been for my tenderneſs, or rather my weakneſs, I ſhould have defended my bed-chamber from your invaſion, as you have now converted it into a dormitory. Your bed was very well ſituated in the cloſet, and by leaving the door open, our communication was never interrupted.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, it was enough to make one hoarſe when we were both in bed. It was not at all good for your health.

MOTHER.

For two perſons who are never ſeparated, from morning till evening, we might have kept ſilence when we retired to reſt.

EMILY.

To be ſure; but when one has any thing in one's mind, or in one's heart, what can one do? It is often a trifle; a little crumb; but it is thoſe little crumbs that we muſt not ſuffer to accumulate till the next day.

MOTHER.

I remark, that your ſtock of crumbs are exhauſtleſs in an evening.

EMILY.

Nay, my dear Mamma, is it not very pleaſant to chat from our beds in that manner, at two paces diſtant, till the duſt-man takes poſſeſſion of one's eyes?

MOTHER.

That is rather a low expreſſion for a perſon who boaſts of having ſtudied mythology.

EMILY.

True; I ought to have ſaid *Morpheus*.

MOTHER.

Be it as it will, I ſee, that on account of the celebration of to-morrow, I cannot politely turn you out either to-day or to-morrow.

EMILY.

Or the day after; or ever.

MOTHER.

I pleaſe myſelf with preſaging the reſult of the examination you purpoſe making, whether it will make you gay or melancholy, ſilent or loquacious.

EMILY.

I can ſay nothing to that. That is indeed, my dear Mamma, a very puzzling queſtion.

MOTHER.

I do not think ſo. If you be contented with the manner in which theſe ten years have been ſpent, the anſwer to my queſtion will be made; and to be able ſo to do with preciſion, you have only to aſk yourſelf, whether you would begin them again, to ſpend them in the ſame manner, and on the ſame conditions.

EMILY.

Moſt certainly I would not.

MOTHER.

You ſpeak deciſively. So then you are diſſatisfied with your lot; and, conſequently, with the education you have received.

EMILY.

Not ſo, my dear Mamma. One may have been very happy for a day; yet is it therefore abſolutely neceſſary to wiſh to ſpend it over again? May one not be a little impatient for another ſtill more happy day? I think it muſt be delightful to be fifteen years old.

MOTHER.

And when you are fifteen you will wiſh to be eighteen.

EMILY.

That may be; but no further.

MOTHER.

Who can anſwer for that?---I had forgotten your haſte to leap over a year, to arrive at a period that leſs impatient perſons quietly wait for; becauſe they know it will not eſcape them, and that, in their way toward it, they ſhall not fail finding both important and agreeable occupations.

EMILY.

Indeed we are not quite of the ſame opinion upon that matter.

MOTHER.

For my part, I look upon the period

of my childhood as the happieſt of my life, except that not having been warned of it, I knew not my happineſs till it had vaniſhed.

EMILY.

You have often told me the ſame thing will happen to me, and that experience will undeceive me reſpecting many things; when it does, I ſhall ſurely tell you of it.

MOTHER.

If I ſhould be then alive, or to your children, who will believe you as much as you do me; but, abſtracted from that impatience, and confining yourſelf only to the remembrance of the paſt, it will be eaſy for you to know, whether you would chooſe to begin them again on the ſame condition.

EMILY.

Why then yes, and no, my dear Mamma; it may be. Do you mean that I ſhould begin them exactly in the ſame manner, without any exception whatever?

MOTHER.

Without the leaſt; or it would be no queſtion. You muſt be ſenſible, no one would heſitate to begin again, provided they could retrench every inconvenience attending their ſituation; and

keep all that was agreeable or advantageous; unhappily none can make the choice.

EMILY.

Nor that of beginning over again.

MOTHER.

True; it is only a ſuppoſition we make.

EMILY.

Juſt as you pleaſe, Mamma. I know not how to determine.

MOTHER.

Why not?

EMILY.

I wonder at your aſking the queſtion? Do you not think I have, in the courſe of ten years, been guilty of a great many faults; and that I have endured, as I deſerved, a great deal of vexation? How then, my dear Mamma, could I have the courage to commit the ſame faults again?

MOTHER.

That is, I allow, a difficulty I ought to have thought of.

EMILY.

Then have I not known great uneaſineſs? Three times I have been threatned with the misfortune of loſing you. If you be preſerved to me, it is by a mi-

raculous Providence; would it be prudent to expoſe oneſelf to the ſame riſks?

MOTHER.

You were too young to perceive the riſk the two firſt times.

EMILY.

I aſk your pardon. It is true I was but ſix years old when they obliged me to go through your bed-chamber on tip-toe every evening, without coming near your bed; I ſhall never forget it. They told me, it was neceſſary I ſhould do ſo, that you might ſee I was in good health; but as you never made the ſmalleſt ſign for me to ſtop, I thought your children were become indifferent to you.

MOTHER.

You have ſince learned the cauſe of that involuntary indifference.

EMILY.

Indeed I have known it a long time, and it makes me ſhudder whenever I think of it; but I had not then the leaſt idea of the danger of being ill; I thought being ill was nothing more than having a pain in the ſtomach; yet the diſmal appearance of your room,

that was as dark as poor Mrs. *Baruel*'s hovel; the melancholy conſternation in which every body was, the anxiety with which they whiſpered to each other, altogether, though it did not afflict me, yet cauſed in me a terror for which I could not account.

MOTHER.

Well, all that is now over, and we may as well forget it, at leaſt for to-day.

EMILY.

You mean I ſhould again begin my life; and that neceſſarily brings the paſt to one's mind.

MOTHER.

It was not my deſign to fix your attention on painful remembrances. It will not give our *tête-à-tête* a very lively turn to-morrow.

EMILY.

No. On one ſide, the remembrance of our faults; and on the other, of the dangers, is enough to make the day very diſmal.

MOTHER.

I only wanted you to throw a glance on the paſt; and I flattered myſelf, it would preſent with more ſubjects of joy than of affliction; more moments of

ſatisfaction than unhappineſs; and really, whenever I look back, I ſee *Emily* jumping, laughing, or dancing; and I can ſcarcely recollect ſeeing her cry; whence I concluded, your firſt ten years had not paſſed very painfully.

EMILY.

Well, Mamma, that is true; but what advantage is there in that? Is there any merit in having paſſed the firſt ten years in jumping, and running about, and making a noiſe?

MOTHER.

To be ſure; and if you provoke me, I will reproach you for not having made enough. You know my prejudice againſt too quiet children; I am always tempted to think their tranquillity proceeds from a defect in their health---

EMILY.

Either of body or mind, I know that; but you muſt grant, the time I have ſpent with my doll is loſt time.

MOTHER.

I ſhall not allow that neither, ſince I am in a humour to contradict you. The manner in which that lady's houſe was

managed, the place you held in her ſervice, obliged you to learn many particulars, either of her toilet, or her houſe-keeping, very proper to be known; not to mention that her ſervice has made you ſkilful in many kinds of works. Therefore, if you ſhould indulge the whim of remaining in her ſervice, even after the two luſtres are accompliſhed, as I am in hopes the ſerious humour you are now in will not laſt, you will meet with no oppoſition on my part.

EMILY.

Well, my dear Mamma, if you be but ſatisfied with my ten years, well and good; I well may, and I ought to be ſo.

MOTHER.

I do not mean to ſay, that all has been as well as it could be, or that it might not have been better; but I would not have you, my child, judge with too great ſeverity; for then you muſt examine the conduct of the mother with the ſame rigour, and I ſhould not find my account in that.

EMILY.

Well, that is droll! You perhaps may reproach yourſelf for ſome faults?

MOTHER.

More than I ſhould chooſe; with this difference, that you may turn your eyes from your own faults, which is the beſt you can do when they are of no great conſequence; but I find mine of ſo ſerious a nature, as to require a fixed and continual attention to them needful. Methinks I would willingly ſacrifice half my future days, to begin your education again, ſuppoſing it poſſible to avoid them.

EMILY.

What you ſay ſeems to be very ſerious indeed, unleſs you be in jeſt. Pray tell me what are the faults you would redeem at ſo dear a price?

MOTHER.

To-morrow we will make the review; after yours mine will naturally follow; but in my eyes, the hope of repairing *one* of them, would be worth the ſacrifice to which I am reſigned.

EMILY.

What then is the fault?

MOTHER.

The injury which my ill health has been to you.

EMILY.

You are right, my dear Mamma; your children would have no more uneaſineſs, if you enjoyed a better health.

MOTHER.

It is not abſolutely to ſpare your uneaſineſs, that I deſire to have better health; but if you knew how much my infirmities have deranged my plan; how much my feeble conſtitution has thwarted my principles!

EMILY.

I never perceived it.

MOTHER.

For inſtance, you are not unacquainted what importance I annexed, eſpecially in early childhood, to bodily exerciſes, or rather to the exerciſe and habitual motions ſo eſſentially neceſſary to unfold the phyſical powers.

EMILY.

Then I have not run or jumped enough, I have not fatigued myſelf, nor tormented you enough, in your opinion?

MOTHER.

Certainly not. In the country you take

pretty good exerciſe; but in town, you know what trouble I have to induce you to take any.

EMILY.

There is nothing ſo tireſome as to parade up and down a walk without you.

MOTHER.

You ſee then, that my ill health ſerves you, either as a reaſon or pretence; and that I am not to blame to look upon it as very injurious to your education. I reproach myſelf every time I ſee you diſpoſed to be indolent, either in a moral or phyſical ſenſe.

EMILY.

But, Mamma, you then reproach yourſelf for my faults, not for your own.

MOTHER.

In that caſe, it depends on you to ſpare me thoſe ſelf-reproaches.

EMILY.

I allow, that when you are ill, I have not the heart to do any thing.

MOTHER.

But what one is not inclined to do, may be performed by an effort of reaſon,

when we know the neceſſity of it; and it is in what the force of the mind conſiſts.

EMILY.

You cannot think, Mamma, how diſmal it is to walk without having you to chat with.

MOTHER.

You bring to my mind another of my faults; which is, having ſuffered you to acquire too great a taſte for converſation.

EMILY.

How! do you reproach yourſelf for our converſations?

MOTHER.

I fear they have contributed to a habit of reflection and ſedateneſs, inconſiſtent with your years, and conſequently obſtructed the important deſign of framing a good conſtitution.

EMILY.

What, Mamma! Were you to begin again, would you deprive me of the pleaſure of chattering with you?

MOTHER.

I would at leaſt never talk with you when ſitting. With this fundamental law, we might renew the ſchool of the *Peripatetics*.

EMILY.

What is that you ſay? There is a word longer, and perhaps more tedious, than the longeſt walk without you.

MOTHER.

It was the cuſtom of thoſe gentlemen never to converſe on philoſophy together, but when walking in the *Lyceum*, which was the *Tuileries* of *Athens*; and we ought to have imitated ſo illuſtrious an example.

EMILY.

I have already forgotten how you call them.

MOTHER.

Peripatetics, that is, walkers.

EMILY.

Pe-ri-pa-te-tics, and cannot you excuſe one of thoſe ſyllables?

MOTHER.

Not one that I know of.

EMILY.

Then I will add two more to them, for we are at leaſt *De-mi-peripatetics*; half our converſations have been during our walks.

MOTHER.

I am therefore leſs culpable than I thought.

EMILY.

Pray let me know your other capital faults. Perhaps we may alſo extenuate them.

MOTHER.

You know every thing is connected in this world. When one thing is well and wiſely ordered, all its inferior parts are commonly as many advantages attending it. In the ſame manner, one fault is ſeldom unaccompanied, it ſpreads out in a number of branches; that is to ſay, it draws on a train of other faults.

EMILY

Do you ſay that to preface me for a long train of them?

MOTHER.

A judicious cenſor would doubtleſs reproach me, for having ſuffered you, at a tender age, to employ yourſelf, either in reading, or the needle-works proper for your ſex; to have even wiſhed you to poſſeſs a taſte for them, for having at leaſt remarked it with pleaſure, as fearing, that being put in practice too late, you would remain ignorant or unſkilful.

EMILY.

Are theſe your crimes?

MOTHER.

I fear he would add, Your daughter will embroider very well, work delightfully, in the opinion of your waiting-women, whoſe approbation will ſtamp her reputation with immortality; but would you be very well pleaſed to ſee this early taſte for a ſedentary life increaſing from year to year, if it render her indolent both in body and mind, or if it ſhould materially injure her health?

EMILY.

Then you would be reproached for the pleaſure of doing it only. I am very well, thank Heaven; I know not what illneſs is.

MOTHER.

My affection is not ſatisfied even with that. I would have you poſſeſs a conſtitution of iron.

EMILY.

I wiſh your health were as good as mine!

MOTHER.

It would, no doubt, have been very

good, had not a miſtaken tenderneſs deprived me of every mean of ſtrengthening it.---So then, you imagine my cenſor would ſtop there. If he deſire great attention ſhould be paid to the phyſical powers of a child in its infancy, in return, he would not have the moral ones exerciſed during that period, leſt they ſhould be diſtorted by any miſtake in their education, or by a too haſty cultivation, forced to a premature and ſuperficial growth; as formerly children were lamed by being ſwathed, or, as an unſkilful gardener ruins a good tree, that he may gather the fruit at an early period.

EMILY.

Methinks your cenſor would, and would not, have many things.

MOTHER.

He, above all, made me unhappy by one remark. Finding yourſelf unable, ſaid he, notwithſtanding all your efforts, to deſcend to the level of a child's capacity, do you not frequently raiſe it to your own, without perceiving it; and does not this method, though involuntary on your part, make you, contrary to your

intentions, force in a hot-bed, a plant which ought to receive its maturity by time, and by the benign and imperceptible influence of Heaven.

EMILY.

Mamma, your cenſor is a dotard, who would ſpoil our *tête-à-tête* to-morrow, if we were to permit him to exerciſe his morality; but we will ſend him to retail his maxims in a ſchool.

MOTHER.

You place him in a better ſituation than you would wiſh perhaps. No ſooner will he have formed a ſchool after his own principle, than I ſhould be eaſed of a heavy burden, and *Emily* would be the firſt to experience the numberleſs advantages of ſo deſirable an inſtitution.

EMILY.

Oh! there we are again! I have at my fingers' ends all you are going to ſay about the advantages which a public education has over a private or domeſtic one; but you know alſo, my dear Mamma, that on this head, I ſhall never be of your opinion.

MOTHER.

I thought you might have changed your ſentiment ſince you have boaſted to

me of the great utility of the extracts from *Plutarch*.

EMILY.

What have thoſe extracts to do with public education?

MOTHER.

It is there often extolled.

EMILY.

Perhaps it was right at that time; but now I am right, I am ſure.

MOTHER.

Then you muſt have remarked, that one of the greateſt advantages of republican government, is the immediate influence it has over individuals, that it animates the general maſs in every part; it gives life and activity, and conſequently, makes known to each perſon his own worth, which, perhaps, in another form of government, he would have been unconſcious of; it, at the ſame time, inſpires public ſpirit, which, by a free profeſſion of the ſame principles, unites all theſe different powers, and renders them uſeful in one common centre for the general good. Public ſchools, inſtituted upon good plans, are ſimilar to this re-

publican government, and procure their pupils the ſame advantages. The general maſs is compoſed of children. The inſtitution tends to inform each of his own value, and to increaſe it. Their union, teaches them to reſpect the fundamental rights of general ſociety. Merit and talents, or rather the hope that fore-runs and convinces them, aſſigns to each his place. Juſtice there decides ſingly and uniformly, without reſpect to perſons. Example, experience, and neceſſity are the preceptors who teach, or rather the maſters who command. They converſe not, they open not their mouths, they are ſilent, but they engrave their principles on the heart in indelible characters, inſtead of inconſiſtently crowding them on the memory.

EMILY.

I would have avoided praiſing the extracts from *Plutarch*, if I had foreſeen the uſe you would have made of them againſt me. And will you perſuade me, that in public ſchools they know better than you do, how to deſcend to the level of children?

MOTHER.

Without doubt, my love. My cenſor pretends, that a gardener, who has but one plant to take care of, runs a great riſk of killing it by kindneſs, by extreme attention, and cultivation; whereas, if he were obliged to divide his cares amongſt a certain number of different plants, he is effectually ſcreened from that inconvenience, and is happily confined to beſtow only on each plant ſuch a portion of his cares as may be uſeful to it.

EMILY.

Dear me, Mamma! How troubleſome your cenſor and his gardener are! The gentleman probably takes me for a lettuce; that is, he ſuppoſes I only came into the world to vegetate.

MOTHER.

Would you have him talk without a metaphor? Between you and me, I am the ſtrongeſt, and by a natural effort of my ſtrength, it happens probably, that I every moment raiſe you to me, inſtead of deſcending to you; but if I had twenty children around me, it would be quite otherwiſe; by drawing me on all ſides toward them, they would oblige me

to remain on a level with themſelves: and to raiſe them inſenſibly to a higher level, they would teach me many ways, with which I am unacquainted.

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, I have made a lucky eſcape, that I am not among twenty little brats at a diſtance from you.

MOTHER.

After much heſitation, I own, I have preferred the inconveniences attending a private education, moſt commonly melancholy, formal, and unconnected, to a public one which I could neither approve nor amend.

EMILY.

Or you would not have wanted reſolution to have driven me out of your houſe.

MOTHER.

I hope, my love, I ſhould not.

EMILY.

Oh! you do not love me as I love you! This is a vexatious diſcovery on ſuch a day as this.

MOTHER.

I think on the contrary, that I never could have given you a more convincing proof of my affection, than in making the painful effort of removing you from me for your good, and of depriving you, for a time, of the too conſtant ſupport of maternal tenderneſs, which is not without dangers, and which we ought perhaps to reckon among the inconveniences of private education.

EMILY.

Oh! how can you think ſo? If you would ſee me die, you have only to follow that plan.

MOTHER.

You now cut the knot of the piece by a cataſtrophe.

EMILY.

Happily! happily! there is no danger! there is no public education which you approve.

MOTHER.

Here again it is needful to be on our guard againſt the illuſion of affection. Perhaps I have exaggerated the imperfections of our public education, only to furniſh my tenderneſs with a plauſible pretence to keep you with me, notwith-

ſtanding my juſt diſapprobation of a private one.

EMILY.

No, no, you are not fond of exaggerations. I am ſure you think rightly on this ſubject, as well as every other.

MOTHER.

Grant, however, ſince we have preferred private education, that we ought to pay ſtrict attention to its imperfections, to preſerve us from them, or avoid them if we had the misfortune to fall into them.

EMILY.

Now indeed, you talk to the purpoſe, Mamma. We may employ one part of to-morrow in this occupation; and it will not be time thrown away.

MOTHER.

Since we have made ourſelves mutually reſponſible for the ſucceſs of your education, it is very eſſential to guard againſt every reproach, and every misfortune.

EMILY.

You once told me, and I now, in

good time recollect it, that we ought to accuſtom ourſelves to account clearly for the motives of all our actions; that it is of the utmoſt importance not to deceive ourſelves on this head, and not to miſtake for prudence, the inclination we find in ourſelves toward one thing rather than another; that we ought to make an examination, not only before, but after having acted; and that he who is never deceived in the real motives of his actions, is far advanced in the road to happineſs and wiſdom.

MOTHER.

With ſuch a method, we may hope to remedy our paſt errors, and to ſupply their places by ſure and ſolid principles; to efface even the remembrance of them, and in future, to reflect on every untaking.

EMILY.

For inſtance, that of never quitting each other.

MOTHER.

That may be called the firſt ſketch of either a good or bad education. In the mean time, the firſt chapter of the plan ſays, we muſt think of going to-bed, and ſleeping; ſecondly, for to render this

ſketch perfect, the head ought to be *cool* and *clear*.

EMILY.

And when I ſhall be in bed, we will converſe no more for this day. That will give me time to recollect myſelf a little, and to prepare for ſo ſerious an employment, will it not? To-morrow I ſhall begin by writing to my Papa and my brothers, after which, we will employ the day in our plan.

MOTHER.

Thoſe are two more chapters which I ſhall willingly adopt. Go, my love; I hope we ſhall be as well ſatisfied with to-morrow as with this evening.

EMILY

(Kneeling at her mother's feet.)

Embrace then, and bleſs your child, my deareſt Mamma, that ſhe may finiſh her ten years with your bleſſing; and that it may accompany her from year to year. I will inform my Papa, that you likewiſe have given me a bleſſing for him.

MOTHER

(Laying her hand on her child's head.)

Receive, by beloved child, the bleſſing of your father and mother. You,

who are ſo often the object of their cares, and their anxieties, may you be alſo the conſtant object of their joy and ſatisfaction, as you are of their ſolicitude and prayers.

THE END.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM